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▶▶ ONE OF OUR most valued friends remarked the other day that to a certain extent, he had noticed, editors printed things which struck them as being new. So that often magazines, instead of reflecting the personalities of their editors, presented merely a good picture of what the editors had not previously known. Sometimes, he thought, they went so far in this direction that they resembled that ancient personage, the devil's advocate, trying to establish the truth securely by bringing against it every possible argument. In a word, nothing so humdrum as their own beliefs obtruded on their pages, for such beliefs were well understood and an old story. So that for long periods of time only those things appeared which would cause discussion in the family circle.

▶▶ TO SOME DEGREE we think this is apt to be so, editors and human nature being what they are. Most of us are not so much interested in an old friend who tells us for the thousandth time exactly what he believes. We prefer to talk to the stranger to know what new things are going on in the world.

▶▶ MANY OF THE ARTICLES which we print are collected from this point of view. Professor Hibbard's piece on what might be called Ballyhoo versus Scholarship is such a one. Most of us remember teachers who made school and college days a joy and awakened a genuine interest in many things which has never waned. If Professor Hibbard is right and circumstances in our modern colleges no longer favor the development of such scholars and teachers something should be done about it.

▶▶ MEANWHILE, Sherwood Anderson's piece is in reply to a question about the future of his two country papers. Was he going to sell them and if not to what sort of life did he look forward?

▶▶ HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH's article on the future of the "talkies" simply appeased our curiosity. The whole development of the movies is so swift, so amazing and unpredictable that it seems like a fairy tale—or a bad dream. An intelligent view of where the new inventions are taking us seems to us decidedly worth reading.

Francis Rufus Bellamy



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

WINTER WILD FOWLING

Etching by Frank W. Benson

Outlook

and Independent

December 5, 1928

►► Our Truant Professors ◄◄

By ADDISON HIBBARD

PROBABLY at no time since the beginning of higher education in America has the criticism of our colleges and universities been so general and so bitter as it is today. Everybody takes a fling at these institutions and almost every one has some pet theory as to what should be done. Reforms are abroad in the land. A hopeful aspect of all this is that the criticism comes largely from within the universities rather than from without. Students, instructors, professors, deans, provosts, sometimes even presidents, analyse and pronounce remedies. Wisconsin has its experimental college, Minnesota and Chicago their orientation courses, Swarthmore her highly developed "honors" program, Columbia a new curriculum, Michigan a scheme for a new "University College," Princeton a preceptorial plan, Harvard a "reading period"—and so it goes. One may safely count that day lost when in some educational journal he finds no new scheme announced for saving the college to education. Every one is looking for a panacea and every one is finding it in some reorganization of present machinery.

In so far as these schemes are efforts to return education to the student they probably all have elements of value; in so far as they try to turn the trick simply by a new hocus-pocus they are futile. Possibly twenty years of teaching have blinded my vision and my sense of values, but most of this experimentation seems to me secondary rather than primary. I know no way to secure good teaching without a willingness on the part of university administrators to

Education, in company with all other activities of late, has been made to "hum." Vast building programs, ambitious off-campus projects, intensive administrative investigations—all surrounded by an effective ballyhoo. But somehow, in all the bustle, believes Dean Hibbard, of the College of Liberal Arts in the University of North Carolina, the teacher's real job has been transferred to the lecture platform. Here is an impressive challenge to the future of college influence in America

recognize it in some sincere way when it is found. What is most needed is an honest recognition of the significance of a teacher who is vitally interested in his subject, who has a half-creditable personality, and who is able to enter his classroom without a sense of boredom and tired superiority. Yet to my knowledge very few institutions make any definite effort to secure this sort of instruction or to nurture it when they find it.

And I am convinced that when the good teachers do find their way into a college faculty their best efforts are actually suppressed by the mechanics of the academic system which prevails today. Where men have maintained high teaching standards—and, thank God, there are usually two or three such in every university—their powers have been impaired by the system imposed on them by the ruthless drive of higher education—the Juggernaut of administration, routine and, worst of all, the pot-pourri of activities represented by the catch-phrase of "service to the people." The enemy is within the gates.

Nay, the enemy is the very university itself. I am not so very unfair to education today when I say that many of

our larger institutions are throwing themselves as willing and eager sacrifices before the Juggernaut of off-campus activities. Extension courses, short courses, institutes, correspondence teaching, "adult education," extra-curricular service—popular lectures given by faculty members, field research, help of one type or another to outside organizations—all these things and many

more are coming into an importance which threatens to overshadow the lone figure of the student walking under memorial elms in the vain delusion that he is acquiring learning. Education is a business with as many offices as classrooms and almost as many secretaries and stenographers as professors. The student on the campus receives an ever-decreasing part of the professor's attention. The faculty is exploited for the self-aggrandizement of the institution and legitimate teaching is allowed to go by the board. "Better one column on the front page of a leading daily in the State," college administrators too often think, "than one hour or twenty hours of honest teaching in the classroom."

The modern professor, scorn to admit it though he may, is a first cousin of the Rotarian and Kiwanian. The wheel of the Juggernaut car revolves down the concrete road and the college professor clings, fly-like, precariously to a safe part of the rim. He knows he isn't making the wheel go; the most he hopes for is that he can hang on until the infernal thing stops. The evils are not ten-fold, five-fold, or three-fold, as various diagnosticians suggest. The evil is simplicity itself; few in administrative authority sincerely care a damn for

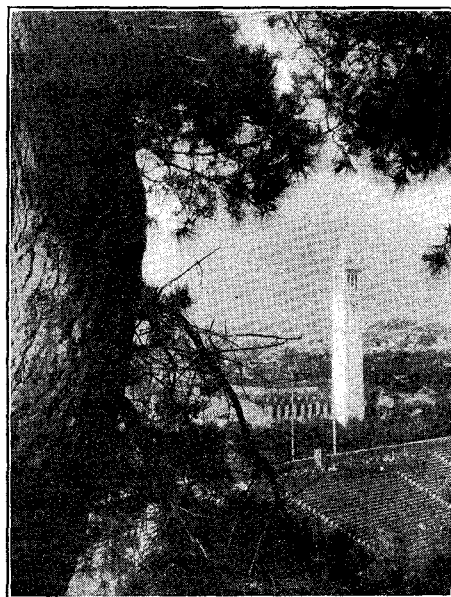
good and effective teaching when it means even a slight sacrifice in the speed of the Juggernaut. The business of education is organized on another basis.

Let me be specific.

I presume it is safe to assume that a man upon entering a profession is only human if he shows ambition to rise within that profession. Society is at least in the habit of recognizing promotion as a sign of meritorious service. No one is likely to blame a man for seeking success; rather society condemns him if he does not. But what brings success in the field of college teaching. Is it, as presumably it should be, successful college teaching? Rarely. Rather it is a confusion of a half-dozen elements some of which are remote from service in the classroom, some absolutely inimicable to it. Promotion goes most quickly to the man who attracts attention to himself outside of teaching.

First among these non-teaching activities is the item of research which every self-respecting institution, whether it have a graduate school or not, somehow pretends to expect from its faculty. Woe to the man in some institutions who cannot at the end of the term make a showing in the catalogue or in some bulletin of at least one unread—and too frequently unreadable—"piece of research." Younger faculty men, those most often overworked in other activities, especially feel the prick of this demand. They burn the candle at both ends; with more teaching hours than their elders, they are forced as well into individual study in some neglected and insignificant field. And a lighted candle burning at both ends, Miss Millay to the contrary, makes no very lovely light. I am not so foolish as to argue that advanced and original study in one's field hampers teaching. Certainly it need not do so, and, properly emphasized, should make a man a more valuable instructor. But the emphasis placed on research by administrators is infinitely stronger than on teaching. How often in academic circles one hears this slur: "He's not a research man, you know!" The result is that the ambitious instructor lets his classes go and grinds out a paper to see the light of day in some scholarly journal or to be read before an empty room at some association meeting where his colleagues of other institutions are assembled to smoke in the corridors and find new jobs at fatter salaries.

There are, however, worse enemies to good teaching than research. Somehow the democratic ideal of which we all talk so glibly eats the heart out of the college teacher in its demand that he take an active part in petty administration. Properly appointed officers seldom rule with an iron hand; they are either idealists or arch passers of the buck. They always insist on committees for every new venture. In the university which I know best there are twenty-six standing committees and at least forty-six running ones. They range all the way from advisory and executive committees elected by the faculty to lesser groups on faculty living conditions (a committee which bestirs itself now and then to make a



Ewing Galloway

Campanile of the University of California

report when rents become too high or the price of milk is raised exorbitantly) and committees which meet annually to report on student morality, entrance requirements, or public occasions and celebrations.

There are men in this institution holding appointments in eight or ten of these standing committees and trailing along breathlessly in half a dozen more of the running committees which often run themselves out before they find just why they were brought into being. When any instructor feels the first rumblings of an idea, he inadvertently presents it in some dull moment of faculty meeting. And lo! before he knows it another committee is in existence and, more than likely, he is the new chairman. Each department, each school, each unit of administration is constantly meeting new problems and

as constantly discussing them through the committee method.

"Appoint a committee to handle it" is so common a cry when any new idea is broached that any faculty man will recognize the phrase as the pass-word of his order. I could walk into the Grand Central station when a thousand people were catching trains, shout out "Let's appoint a committee" and then pick out every college professor in the station by the sad look of recognition which would come into his countenance. I have no foolish hope that committee work can be dispensed with in our universities and colleges, but surely it is not too much to argue that these petty administrative responsibilities are direct enemies of the best teaching, since memberships in these groups usually fall to some few men who gain reputations as committee bears and, consequently, are overburdened in this service. Effective teaching and long hours of committee service simply do not go together.

But both research and committee work find more justification in university organization than does the third enemy to good teaching: the extra-curricular activities which are expected of college professors. Many a man today keeps his position on a university faculty simply because he is a good liaison officer between his institution and the women's clubs, the business organizations, or one sort or another of the State's activities.

Take the matter of off-campus lectures. A "good" faculty member today in these State institutions is one who holds himself in readiness to "give his services to the State"—a pretty euphemism for deserting his classroom. Possibly the most common form of lecturing is that which takes men away from the campus to talk to a women's club, a Rotary meeting, a chamber of commerce, or a high school commencement gathering.

BEFORE me lies a bulletin from one State university giving titles of lectures made available to the good people of the State by its faculty. The women's club element I represent by a few titles chosen from perhaps a thousand: "The Romance of Opium," "Deirdre Dramatized," "Egyptian Art," "Perfumes in the Making," "Romanticism in Music," and "Impressions of Spain." And what antic fellows we academicians are when we try to appear light and breezy: "Psychoses and Anti-Social

Behavior," "Putting Character in Business Correspondence," "The Etiology of Bright's Disease and Certain Related Toxæmas," "The Submicroscopic Structure of the Universe." And how we popularize ponderous subjects: "Overhead and Turnover" (which sounds as though it might be a pet subject with the director of physical education but which, in reality, hails from the School of Pharmacy) is one; "Drug Store Lizards" (which somehow should come from the School of Pharmacy but actually is a talk offered by the Young Men's Christian Association secretary) is another. My own institution maintains a fleet of Fords for impoverished college professors that these men may scatter over the State to carry culture and refinement in fifty-minute dispensings. "Service" is as much the watchword of the modern university as it is of any garage, but too often the service is accorded to the State at large at the expense of its sons and daughters registered on the campus as students.

So great has this Juggernaut system grown, so commanding is this word "service," that the man is lucky whose time and patience and teaching-capacity are not eaten into by this extra-curricular work. Faculty men are constantly bemoaning the interest of undergraduates in "campus activities" and their lack of interest in their studies. Yet these same professors under the system now operating are tarred with the same stick. The only difference is that the student confines his activity to the campus and the professor must needs "serve the State." Mass education with all its abracadabra is content only to go through the forms of education even at the same time that it regrets the departure of honest intellectual curiosity on the part of students, and sincere teaching by its faculty.

But lecturing is only one phase of this extra-curricular activity of the college professor. There are as many other side-shows—each with its own ballyhoo—as in the "world's greatest circus." Professors are great makers of textbooks in or out of their field—and students in their classes keep on buying them. The teachers of science serve the State and private corporations in countless ways; the psychologist and penologist are advisers to State departments; sanitary and civil engineers give advice to one commission or another; the geologist and forester advise on conservation and mineral deposits; public health measures take the time of the university medical staff; the United States Government now and then calls for a man to serve in one capacity or another; this corporation or that asks for chemical analyses of some of its by-products; State Legislatures ask that surveys be made; and the home State or an adjacent State calls in school of education specialists to tread where even angels fear to walk. Accounting experts in the faculty audit books for State and private organizations; professors gain a reputation in a field and are called upon for commercial lecturing; magazines, newspapers, publishing houses urge men to write of their specialties.

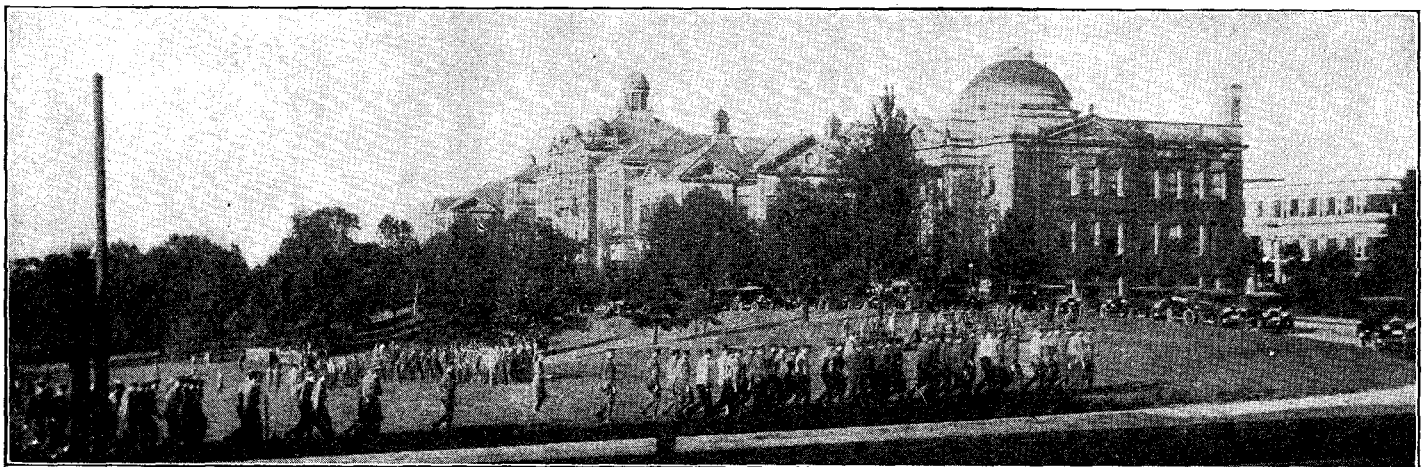
A half-dozen close-at-home instances of men who, because of these very extra-curricular activities, are prevented from giving their best work to undergraduates will come to the mind of any faculty member in any institution in the country. There is, for example, my friend M— who, with years of rich experience back of him, rarely teaches an undergraduate class and more and more passes on his graduate work to younger men in his growing department. His own time goes to editing a learned journal, to supervising a series of books

circulated by a leading publisher, to writing one book after another, and to conducting annual and semi-annual institutes for workers in his field. His name is known to every one in his subject and to many more. Yet here on the campus an undergraduate hardly knows him and rarely enjoys the benefit either of his instruction or of his ripened experience. One of the most valuable men on the faculty, he finds it necessary, because of the pressure of these demands, to give his service to others than students, to people who have never so much as walked through our campus.

THEN there is L—, a professor of one of the literatures. One of the three or four rare teachers here, what does he do? One undergraduate class—and a large one—benefits by his teaching each term; one graduate class has the same privilege. But the rest of the time? Well, he edits a popular newspaper feature which carries the name of the university throughout the section; he carries on researches which lately have meant one volume a year in his field; he publishes regularly in the magazines. Now and then a lecture to some organization in this or an adjacent State takes him off the campus. Where a few years ago he gave himself generously to this and that undergraduate group, they are now obliged to be content with a Friday night at his home, a night when these students flow over the house, listen to good talk, enjoy good reading and bask—for the few hours he jealously saves for them—in the light of his personality and leadership.

Again, there is K—. In 1919 he came to the faculty a young lieutenant of Marines fresh from the intensities of French battlefields. An alumnus of this university, he immediately stepped into a dozen of the undergraduate activities.

(Please Turn to Page 1295)



Ewing Galloway

The Movies Speak Out

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

Two years ago the movies were strong, silent entertainment. Today with the films gone garrulous, fifteen hundred theatres have been equipped to broadcast their infant lisps. The very brevity of the talkies' history makes it interesting; but more important is the significance of this jump from silence to sound. For the talkies are going somewhere—just where no one exactly knows. This article shows up some of their deficiencies by way of pointing out the path for the future

A MAMMOTH face looms before you; a face five feet across, making ghastly contortions. A stupendous bleat, something about "my maa-uh-a-uh-a-mee!" dins in your ears. You squirm in front of it, unable to escape; shut your eyes in an effort to dodge the grimaces, but cannot do anything about that bellow which still pounds on your tympanum. You consider crawling under the seat, but are afraid an usher will see you. It sounds like a nightmare; it is a talking movie.

To be exact, it is a synchronized film of a vaudeville artiste singing a "mammy" song. This is a short talkie subject designed to round out the entertainment in movie houses in place of vaudeville acts, or of a stirring number from "Lives of the Composers." One company alone is turning out four hundred of these sound shorts in the present season. With them on the bill will, of course, be a full-length feature picture, with or without sound effects and dialogue, but from now on, it is safe to predict, it will be increasingly with. It is too late already to do anything for the silent drama but mourn. Gone is the restful charm of the motion picture palace, where thoughtful people could go and ruminate; attend to the picture if it wasn't too terrible and, if it was, allow their mind to wander, and hold their sweetie's hand. Unfortunately something even more important than this is threatened along with it, and that is a pantomimic art which was beginning to get somewhere.

Most of the talkies made so far have been dismally bad, but it is not altogether their badness which has disheartened those who liked the movies. It is the realization that this invention has thrown the old motion picture into utter confusion and may kill it entirely. They are predicting that the next few years will see the triumph of a new medium which is neither silent drama nor proper spoken drama, but a misbegotten mixture of the two. They say that the movies will talk themselves to death, for once the short and easy road of speech is open, what is to prevent the producers from tossing aside all they have learned about the art of visual expression?

I believe there is a good deal to prevent it, but I shall come to that later. For the present, however, there is no doubt that the talkies have set back the swift and exciting growth of this infant art a good many years, even if, as there is reason to hope, they have not arrested it permanently.

THE TERM "sound picture" is as wide as charity. The public is invited to "See and hear" films which offer nothing but old-time silent drama, except that its musical accompaniment is recorded on a disc or a strip of film instead of being rendered on the Wurlitzer organ. Other films labeled "with sound" are in that class by grace of miscellaneous roars and rattlings, which are synchronized posthumously. Under this system "The Birth of a Nation" could now be trotted out as a sound picture.

Needless to say, however, it is not such types of production which are causing the stir, but dialogue films of the kind appropriately designated "all-talking," because the characters do nothing else. On the technical side these pictures of the "all-talking" variety are already getting over their early crudities. Voices in the better presentations no longer crackle and grunt, but proceed from the screen in smooth and plausible modulations. It now appears, furthermore, that film conversation need not be deafening; in "Interference," the first full-dialogue effort of Paramount, it was as consciously and carefully lowpitched as the speech of a self-made lady. But the suavity of such a production, gratifying as it is, makes its weakness stand out all the more. The producers are obviously so concerned with giving the customers their money's worth of talk that they paralyze the action. The cus-

tomers are so pleased over something new that they do not mind, and neither do most of the critics, who are pleased almost as easily as the customers. But here and there a faint voice is raised to point out that so far talk has killed movement in the new movie.

Many of those who protest are making talkies themselves. Last summer, when excitement over the new development

mounted to panic in Hollywood, a large number of the most brilliant directors and actors of the screen resented the innovation, some of them very bitterly. Many of them declared then that the talkies were a passing fad, but this assertion has been heard much less frequently of late. It may still be true, but at the moment the cash argument is silencing all skeptics. Fifteen hundred theatres will have completed sound installations a few weeks from now, and they include practically all of the first-run houses and the large chains. Every big producer has been investing upwards of a million dollars—sometimes much more—on sound stages and mechanisms, and one may conclude that he will not let it go without a struggle.

It all dates back to two or three years ago, when the Warner Brothers, being in a tight place financially, thought they saw a way out in certain neglected patents for synchronizing films with music—perhaps even with speech—which were owned by the Western Electric. The method they chose, and to which they gave the trade name of Vitaphone, is distinguished by the fact that the sound accompaniment is recorded on a disc. The disc revolving on a turntable which is geared with the projecting apparatus. At almost the same time the Fox Film corporation began experimenting with another Western Electric system in which the sound is photoelectrically reproduced on the edge of the strip of film. They called their method Movietone.

One or both of the Western Electric systems are being used by all the important producers except Pathé and FBO, which have the R. C. A. Phonophone, another sound-on-film method which was perfected more recently. There are on the market a flock of independent devices with names like Phono-

film, Phototone, Vocafilm, Cinéphone, Madalatone and what you will; but so far the public has had comparatively little opportunity to judge of their merit.

In 1926 the Warners gave to the world the earliest progenitor of today's noisy flock. It was a ham picture starring John Barrymore and called "Don Juan;" a "Ladies' Home Journal version of the life of that famous swordsman. It had no talking or sound effects; only a synchronized score, and a vocal two-reeler of Marion Talley was presented on the same program. It was greeted with a pattering of polite applause from the metropolitan critics, and was promptly forgotten.

Despite the pooh-poohing of their fellow producers, the Warners plunged more boldly into sound, with singing and cheering embodied in their next few pictures. After a few of these feelers they produced their great *coup*, "The Jazz Singer," which starred Al Jolson, and which is credited with having been the biggest box office success released in 1927, even though less than four hundred theatres were then wired for sound. It was at this point that the other producers began to scratch their heads and wonder.

Realizing that they had more than a year's start on everybody else, the Warners proceeded to grind out song numbers, dramatic sketches, dance acts and bits of opera, together with several catch-penny melodramas which had long dialogue sequences. One of these had its big moment when Dolores Costello, as the heroine about to be attacked, piped "Oh, no, not that!" The first-night audience in New York laughed, and the line was cut, but the picture made hundreds of thousands of dollars just the same.

Last summer appeared the first all-talking pictures, "The Lights of New York," and "The Terror," in which even the names of the art director and the camera man were spoken by a synchronized announcer instead of being printed on the screen. They were badly written, badly directed and cheaply produced, but "The Lights of New York" grossed almost \$50,000 in one week on Broadway, and "The Terror" ran for weeks.

Although the Fox Movietone has had almost as long a start as the Warner Brothers Vitaphone, its output has been a fraction of the latter's, due apparently to greater conservatism. The Fox company has only recently released its

first full-length dialogue feature, but it has done well with news reels and specials of such august subjects as Herbert Hoover making a speech, Mussolini imitating Napoleon and Bernard Shaw imitating Mussolini. They made a news reel of Lindbergh's take-off for Paris, in sound, which thrilled the public vastly in spite of the fact that the roar of Lindbergh's plane, thus recorded, sounded more like the rattle of a McCormick reaper.

When two such compelling arguments as "The Jazz Singer" and the Lindbergh news reel appeared, respectively, a year and a year and a half ago, one wonders why the screen's mighty men of business half aloof from sound pictures until last summer. It is rumored that ocular demonstration was what finally swung the balance, and that it was the sight of a dozen or so persons, standing in line on Hollywood Boulevard to see a Warner talkie, that completely unnerved the great men of the movies and sent them in a wild stampede to hire honey-voiced actors and noise technicians.

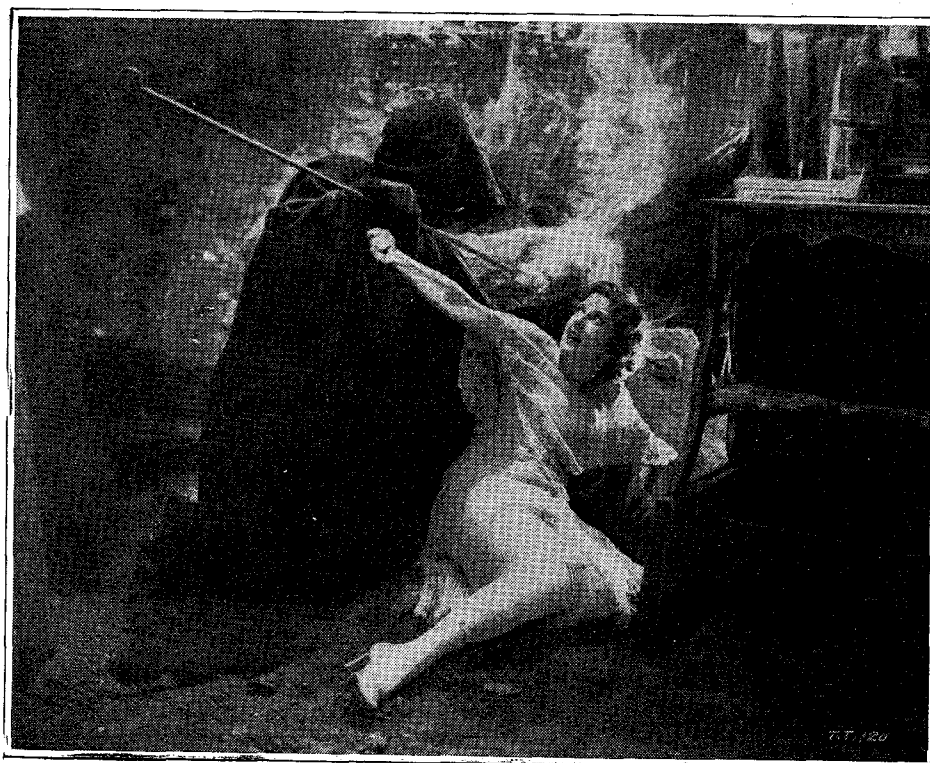
They had their own reasons for embracing the innovation as soon as they were convinced it would go. It was a matter of common knowledge that the movies had fallen on hard times. A slackening attendance at picture houses everywhere had forced the chain theatre owners to embellish the cinema proper with the "William Tell" overture, col-

ored lights, vaudeville acts and song numbers on the Wurlitzer, in order to lure the public. And the public was again getting fed up.

The producers were asked why, having tried everything else, they did not try making better pictures; some that had at least a modicum of intelligence and plausibility. The dwindling gate, the rising ennui, were succinctly diagnosed by Sidney Grauman, prominent West Coast exhibitor, who said: "They know that Clara Bow will always get her man, and that no matter how often the dam breaks, it never drowns any one of importance."

But the movie people, despite their admitted sins, were not altogether at fault here. Increasingly often they had made good pictures, sometimes brilliant pictures, and most of them, scorned by the small-town patronage, had been box office flops. The vast moron public is sick of its formula, but will tolerate no change in it. In this situation the talkies appeared as a welcome way out.

The first technical problem in making sound pictures was obviously to get rid of extraneous noises. Huge sound-proof stages with walls of concrete, air and cork; ponderous doors like the doors of a vault which swing shut, one after another, behind people who come and go; thick carpets to deaden footfalls; padded booths which enclose the camera, so that the grinding of that necessary machine shall not be heard.



STAGE HORRORS IN THE TALKIES

A scene from "The Terror," Warner Brothers' all-talking movie

—All these are part of the new producing mechanism, along with the microphone which hangs overhead. And already they have practically eliminated "surface," the composite of small, unnoticed sounds which blend together to effect a noise like the scratching of a phonograph needle in the finished film.

The problem of silence, however, was the simplest of the difficulties. Far more obdurate is the letter "s," which becomes a lisp or is lost entirely, and which has so far resisted all efforts on the part of technical experts to correct it. This absence of s's in movie speech either irritates one unspeakably, or else passes quite unnoticed after the first few minutes.

Many sounds are startlingly intensified in reproduction. In a Movietone news reel of Mr. Hoover's speech at West Branch, for instance, the pattering raindrops on the tent over his head sounded like the roll of thunder. As this was a news reel nothing could be done, but in the studio experiments are being made to overcome such defects. One director found that the rustling of a newspaper sounded deafening, but that dampening the paper produced a natural effect. The tramp of feet reproduces like the crack of artillery, but rubber soles reduce it to plausible proportions. Every studio is compiling a sound dictionary; a vast card catalogue in which the directors note the reproducing value of every conceivable noise.

Any one who stops to recollect what quantities of cold water were poured on the silent movie, the radio and every other new thing in its day will be wary about throwing cold water on this one. But on the face of it the difficulties are formidable indeed. One of them is the foreign market, which supplies forty per cent of the total revenue of the films, and from which talking pictures are excluded. The only solution yet found is a separate silent version of each film for the foreign trade.

Dozens of similar questions, great and small, are confronting the movies. What about the many foreign stars whose English is inadequate? People have suggested the use of voice doubles, but this is not a very plausible solution, and for the present actors like Emil Jannings and Conrad Veidt will be supplied with parts of foreigners speaking little English. What about waiting for laughs—the varying laughs of hundreds of future audiences?

In the new technique of movie making complication has been piled on complication. Dialogue specialists and sound directors have been added to the list of authors, script writers, directors, editors and supervisors who already putter around trying to improve the quality of the broth. A further embarrassment is the question of pace. Screen pantomime has its own natural tempo, which is considerably slower than that of the stage, and when dialogue is held

down to this pace it drags, unless it is carefully managed. In "Interference" the sound director, Mr. Roy Pomeroy, has done his best, which consists of prolonging the pause between phrases exemplified in the famous sentence, "Won't you—sit down?" There is still plenty of room for improvement.

It is not hard to see how this question of pace will add one more convolution to the problem of shipping silent versions of talking films to the foreign language market, to say nothing of the theatres at home which are not yet equipped for talking films. The only answer so far has been to make two completely separate versions of each picture; and no more deadly proof than this exists of the cleavage between the silent and the talking film. A simple silent picture is photographed piecemeal, with a degree of incoherence, by itself, which spells the wildest confusion to an outsider. So one can readily understand how simple life is going to be for the actor under the new régime, and for every one else.

About the sound newsreels and the short entertainment subjects, there is little or no argument. No one objects to them in principle, and every one agrees that they are likely to last. Some of the producers are discovering that short subjects have bright possibilities when properly staged. A classic example is Mr. Robert Benchley's opus, "The Sex Life of the Polyp." Technically a monologue, this delectable entertainment is really a full-length sketch of the slightly embarrassed scholar, the afternoon lecture, the shrill, admiring ladies, the inevitable tea.

To endow a full-length screen play with speech, however, is quite another matter. Last summer when the move was first threatened all sorts of dire predictions were made about what it would do to the art of the cinema, and enough has happened since then to show that in the next few years they are all going to come true.

In their eagerness for dialogue and nothing but dialogue the producers have rushed out to buy plays. "Interference," "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "The Letter" are among those which have been or are going to be filmed. If they are all handled like the first one they will not be adapted to a form of expression which the screen has always demanded and still demands, but will be "canned" as nearly as possible

(Please Turn to Page 1299)



A TENSE MOMENT FROM "LIGHTS OF NEW YORK"

Another of Warner Brothers' early Vitaphone subjects

Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

THE HARDEST problem Europe has had to face ever since the war is now up for final consideration: Just how much is Germany to pay in war damages? At the Peace Conference of Versailles, the Americans argued that the amount which the Germans were to hand over in reparations ought to be definitely fixed. It was dangerous and unreasonable, they held, to try to commit a defeated people for an unknown length of time to pay up to the limit of a capacity which the victors practically proposed to determine for them. Though the Americans, no less than the Allies, wanted to see Germany made to pay as much as could be secured, they approached the problem with more coolness—naturally, since their country had not been laid waste. The rejection of their economic point of view marked one of those fundamental differences between them and the Allies which contributed to the refusal of the United States to sign the Treaty of Versailles.

The end of a decade this autumn saw the Allies, at Geneva, swinging around at last to the American point of view. And the years between have seen the bickerings between the Allies and the Germans, the occupation of the Ruhr Valley by French forces, the inauguration of the Dawes Plan for reparations under an American Agent-General, then the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, the reconciliation at Locarno between the Allies and Germany, the signature of the Briand-Kellogg peace pact at Paris, and finally the beginning of discussion of a project to fund both war debts and war damages in one huge international loan which would remove the issue from the sphere of political wrangling to that of practical banking. But some of the emotional difficulties that blocked a workable agreement ten years ago still stand in the way. Gustav Stresemann, Foreign Minister of Germany, in his speech in the Reichstag on reparations, and the response of the French press to his remarks, have revealed these obstacles.

Backed by an immense majority of the deputies, and by the Liberal, Center, and Socialist as well as the Nationalist press, Dr. Stresemann returned to the attack on the presence of Allied troops on the Rhine, and de-

clared that Germany can not be forced to assume impossible financial burdens as the price of evacuation of her territory. France, through her most influential newspapers, replies that the tone of his speech holds out little hope of progress in settlement of the issue of war damage payments.

"If Germany maintains the same kind of language during the discussions with the interested governments," writes the semi-official "Temps" of Paris, "there seems reason to feel that there is no assurance on the eventful results of the forthcoming negotiations."

August Gauvain, the well-informed Foreign Editor of the "Journal des Débats" and one of the more moderate writers on international affairs, says: "On reparations Dr. Stresemann has shown himself as trenchant and as single-minded as on the rest of his claims. He does not consent to the payment of a single penny which will cause inconvenience to the German people. One may even conclude from one of his phrases that he has the pretention to wish to verify our reparations bill so as to cut down the amount of what we have paid or intend to spend for restoration."

FURTHER, M. Gauvain seems to think that the Germans are inclined to make too much of the Briand-Kellogg treaty to outlaw war—an opinion echoed by other French editors—for he says: "The German Foreign Minister took occasion, to praise the Kellogg pact, adding 'It will have the value which the Governments and the people themselves give it.' That, too, is our opinion . . . So why, we are entitled to demand, are the Germans, English, and Americans always quoting it in any discussion of disarmament and security? Some English newspapers are especially insistent on this point. What objection can we have, they ask, to evacuation of the Rhineland since we have the Locarno and Kellogg pacts? But the British guarantee under the Locarno agreement is an engagement subordinate to an estimate of the circumstances by whatever government is in power in England. As for the Kellogg pact, it is as yet only a hope. Its

ratification is becoming more and more doubtful, at least before Mr. Hoover takes over the White House. That apostle of peace, Mr. Coolidge, wishes to have his navy bill voted first of all . . . We are then well within our rights in asking if the fate of this treaty will be the same as was the fate of the Treaty of Versailles?"

PERTINAX (André Géraud), one of the most acute and widely read of French political writers, declares in the "Echo de Paris" in a warning article: "Above all, it is essential that no decision shall be taken on our side before it is known what the Reich is prepared to give us for reparations and for security."

"What does it matter," asks a column in the Radical "Volonté" usually contributed by that stormy petrel of French politics and finance, Joseph Caillaux (once exiled for treason and recalled after the war to attempt a debt agreement with the United States and a rescue of the sinking French franc), "if Dr. Stresemann declares that he does not want to admit subordination of Rhineland evacuation to the establishment of a definite settlement of reparations, provided this evacuation does not in fact take place until after a settlement has been made?"

"Berlin is merely playing the same kind of game as Washington. The Rhineland and reparations are separate affairs, declare the Germans. But they will, just the same, be compelled to negotiate the two affairs at the same time. Reparations and debts are different affairs and we are concerned only about the second, declare the Americans. But if they want to collect their debts they will just the same have to finance reparations . . . Let us by all means separate all the problems the war has left . . . But let us negotiate them all at the same time."

There the argument comes to the point: How much more may ill-mannered, uncultured, but nevertheless good-natured and wealthy Uncle Sam, come down *after all* in his demands on us Europeans for payment of war debts? And how much may he be persuaded to advance in private loans to transform them from obligations to the government into obligations to the citizens who become holders of bonds?

From the Life

➤➤Gold

By IBBY HALL

IN ITALY there is a small village made up of small houses. The people who live in these houses are for the most part poor, but there are degrees of all things, even of huts and poverty. And down at the lower end of the social order in a hut smaller than the others has lived a family larger than most, and battling more desperately with poverty.

The tragedy of this family has been its daughters. It is not that the women of Italy are not strong and able. Could they not live up to what was expected of them as women, and yet any day equal the men in strength? No, this was not the point. A woman cannot seek a husband—a woman must wait for a husband like honey in a flower, like a fish in a pool, like a spider in a web. And the flower and the pool and the web are money. For what good is a wife to a man unless she has a dowry?

There were too many sisters in this family and there was no money at all. Sometimes it seemed to these sisters as though they lived in a world specially fashioned for them. In this world was hunger for all things. In this world was hard work and an empty stomach, cold hands and an uncomforted body, a cry for happiness and a surrender to misery.

Poverty had come to mean, not an intangible enemy or a phantom wolf, but a great door—as solid and massive as iron—closed harshly between them and a world where other people lived. Beyond that door was warm food, fire and love. One could laugh there and forget to be anxious. One could talk carelessly and move with forgetfulness. One could listen to music without having to weep.

It was perhaps the music in their blood that sharpened these knives of hunger and despair. For at a distant time, certainly, some far-removed ancestor had poured his blood into the fiddle that lay on the top shelf of the cupboard. It was old and worn and dilapidated; no one could play it any more. What time had they to be fooling with fiddles? And yet it was tradition. Some one who had begat them carelessly long ago, had lived intimately with this spirit of that world

beyond the door. For the sake of that tradition and that dim ancestor, they guarded it. They had guarded it when everything else went for fuel, when anything that would burn was gathered up as avariciously as food. Some one in a vague past had valued it, and their last faint inheritance lay in their ability to value it.

Then, too, there was a superstition about the old fiddle. Somewhere inside it was a life, a pulse, a voice. When storms shook the tiny cottage, when a rough scouring hand grasped the cupboard shelf too carelessly, when a younger child climbed high to find a plaything—the fiddle had been known to speak, to cry out sometimes as if from a bad dream, and once in a while to utter a sound of musing that fell into the hut like a coin of golden sunlight.

THE SISTERS could not have told when it first occurred to them that the violin might have a value in money. The fiddle represented one kind of value, money everything else. It was unlikely that the two values could ever merge, but it was a tremendous thought. The fiddle was suddenly a golden key to that other world or at least a corner of it.

But old men, lurking like spiders behind the dingy counters of cob-webbed shops, saw nothing of all this. They looked dubiously at the worn and dingy fiddle. They shook their heads. Good enough, perhaps, for a village dance, but who would buy such a thing? Take it home and try to get what pleasure could be had from it to amuse themselves! It was certainly worth nothing in gold.

With each new hope, with each timid trial, with each refusal that massive door closed again in their faces. Perhaps these old men were right. Perhaps it was nothing but a worthless fiddle. But they had nothing else to believe in; doubtless that was why they could not stop believing in the only possession that had ever been theirs.

Not far from the village where the sisters lived is a region of Italy so beautiful that foreigners, looking for health and peace, spend their vacations there. They are observed from a distance,

strange people with outlandish habits, one speaking one language, one another, in accents that fall harshly on the acute ears of the soft-voiced peasants. Music is not easily to be associated with these people.

When the visiting Englishman was first pointed out to the family of sisters, they stared dubiously. This man an authority on music—on the sound of musical instruments? But he was English. And had not their own country people, those wise, shriveled, shrewd old men, already assured them that their treasure was worthless? Still, these English had money. At least, they could show him the fiddle. If he knew nothing, they might persuade him it was worth something. If he really were so great an authority they could do no worse than be disappointed again.

Well, at least they were lucky. The Englishman was at home. He would look at the fiddle. He was evidently used to these affairs. A great many people must have asked his opinion on the value of violins—thousands of violins—enough to make any one weary to think of it. They unwrapped the old tradition, and one of the sisters held it up to him in doubtful hands.

For a minute, the Englishman did not move, but ran his eyes over the body of the fiddle as a pianist runs critical fingers over a key board. Then he looked at the sisters and drew a deep breath. He lifted it gently from the rough and awkward hands and held it out where sunlight beat more strongly. He spoke only one word as he turned toward them again.

"Stradivarius," he said softly.

BACK in the hut, the sisters struggled to solve the mysteries of arithmetic with their reeling wits. In English money—what was it the gentleman had said? Seven thousand pounds, his firm would pay for it.

They were still young. They knew they could be pretty. The suitors that were to besiege their cottage already approached in imaginary array. That other world where strangers lived was even now rising about them, like a garden of magic flowers. There was no longer any iron door—but the top shelf of that high and dusty cupboard was suddenly as empty as a grave. The golden voice had gone.

▶▶ ◀◀ The Theatre

PERHAPS we are growing too sophisticated where the theatre is concerned. Perhaps an early enthusiasm—for an unforgettable book named “Of Human Bondage”—leads us still to expect too much when Somerset Maugham’s name is spelled out in the electric lights which announce a new play. But we are unhappy, just the same, to be compelled to say that we do not think well of “The Sacred Flame,” his latest and newest at the Henry Miller.

Instead of being really entertained, we felt preached at by Mary Jerrold,—as a most modern old lady,—subtly jeered at by Clare Eames while she pretended to be playing the part of a complexed moralist in a nurse’s uniform (What an unkind thing after all these months of waiting for her to return to Broadway and be attractive again) and generally held to an over-anxious attention while Mr. Maugham unfolded a most carefully planned tale, cast in short-story form, which perhaps he thought would make a play because it possessed a good dramatic framework, but which to us seemed made of paper and paste throughout.

To be brutal about it, we cannot believe in plays wherein you ask your Uncle George (There isn’t any such person in the play, of course) wherein you ask him if it is true that he has murdered his sister, your Aunt Mary, last night at ten; and he replies somewhat as follows: “When I was a little lad, forty years ago—”

Thereupon you hear the history of at least twenty years. “Yes,” you agree, eagerly, “But you don’t mean to say—”

“Not at all,” he says. And he tells you another twenty years; and then and only then does he consent (hours have passed now) to come out with the statement that you will find Aunt Mary’s body in the clothes closet.

We don’t like that kind of dialogue, no matter how informing it may be; and we get all worn out if we don’t happen to know the answer right away. If we do know the answer we are either seized with a desire to annoy our companions or to go out in the lobby and smoke a cigar until the speech shows signs of clearing off. In no case do we like it. And “The Sacred Flame” is simply full of it.

Worse, the first act is so flagrantly

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

overwritten that nearly everybody in our section of the theatre grew restless and at last almost protested aloud over being told any more about the loyal and self-sacrificing spirit of the beautiful young wife who is sticking to her crippled husband and trying to make up to him for his tragic disaster, although he can never be her normal mate. It seems that an airplane accident, some years previously, has practically done for him and he lives in a wheel chair. So far as we were concerned, by the time everybody in the play had got through singing her praises for being so



White Studio

JANE COWL

as Columbine in “The Jealous Moon”

loyal, we were convinced that every small child in the theatre knew she was nothing of the kind.

As for the acting of Clare Eames, it was a bitter disappointment. Her portrayal of the emotions of a nurse with truly monstrous Victorian morals and manners came perilously close to being laughable at times—and was often genuinely grotesque. She played the part as if her imagination simply refused to credit the possibility that such a person could exist in real life. Perhaps she is right.

And meanwhile what of Jane Cowl in her new venture as both star and co-author of “The Jealous Moon”? Well, the play isn’t comparable to Barrie—

and to be genuinely successful it ought to be, for it aims high—and Miss Cowl still has moments of crudity and occasionally an Ethel Barrymore gesture and intonation. And both these things are against her, and against “The Jealous Moon” as well. But in one of the most affecting moments—a kiss, to be precise—some boozy gentleman behind us made a loud pop bottle sound; and we found ourself both startled and angry. So we must admit that it caught at our heart strings.

It is the old Columbine, Pierrot, Harlequin triangle, done with faint memories of “Prunella” and the pantomime from “Beggar on Horseback”—and way down inside it touches reality; all the more effectively, perhaps, because of the dream quality of the story of the lover and the dancer and the jester.

It is frankly a dream in the present play, the dream of Peter who pulls the strings for Pierrot in a marionette show. And the music, the characters, and the colorful, romantic scenery—Maxfield Parrish and Puvis de Chavannes did not live in vain, for the designers of these sets—are all dream-like. Even the emotions of the drama are portrayed with a quality of tragic intensity found in dreams.

The underlying appeal of the thing, perhaps, lies in the fact that one can interpret its story to fit one’s own emotional temperament, and so enjoy one’s own emotions, past and present. You can suffer with Columbine as the ideal woman, whose love is faithful unto death, who can never forget her lover and will always wait for him, even if she must die for him in the end. Or you can muse on how often men and women seem to love those who hurt them.

Oh, well—we rather liked it. We remembered very early in the prologue to lay aside our usual attempt to do an intellectual picture puzzle; with the result that we had a rather child-like, emotional dream evening. If the pull of the eternal triangle is because of the incompleteness of the emotions most human beings dare to allow themselves, because of our fear of trusting ourselves to love wholly, resulting in the refusal of life’s real adventure while we chase will-o’-the-Wisps under the moon—well, this is in “The Jealous Moon,” too.

►► The World This Week ◀◀

►► America and the Sea

AMERICAN EYES have been turned seaward. And there, within the range of vision, is Great Britain. It is British policy toward naval limitation that is in the background of the discussion of what President Coolidge said on Armistice Day about American cruisers; and it is British seamanship that is in the background of the discussion of the tragedy of the *Vestris*.

There is only one navy in the world that is comparable to the navy of the United States, and that is Britain's; and there is only one that is comparable to the navy of Great Britain, and that is America's. If the United States and Great Britain are friendly and inclined to co-operate in policing the seas against aggression, why should Americans insist on a navy second to none, and why should the British object to the American navy's plan to modernize its force of cruisers? Especially now that both countries have signed an agreement to renounce war as a national policy, why cannot they both find it easy to agree to reduce their navies?

If President Coolidge wanted to start discussion of these questions, he has fully succeeded. It is doubtful whether any speech made during the campaign was the subject of more sustained editorial comment than the President's Armistice Day speech has been.

With virtual unanimity the American press has assumed, when it has not declared, that the American people want peace strongly enough to be willing to make sacrifices for it. They have allowed their navy to fall below Treaty strength. They have quashed what seemed to them a proposal for a Big Navy. They have supported strongly the Kellogg-Briand pact to renounce war.

To a few newspapers the proposal now to build fifteen cruisers seems to make the Kellogg proposal appear hypocritical. Why, they ask, should we listen to the jingoes? Nobody is going to attack us.

The answer is succinctly put by the Pittsburgh "Press." "War outlawry," it says, "does not abolish wars any more than crime outlawry abolishes crime." The "Christian Science Monitor," which certainly cannot be accused

of bloodthirstiness, says that it is logical to advocate both cruisers and the anti-war pact since in the world as now constituted force is still needed to enforce peace. Our fleet, too, it is pointed out, is encumbered with many obsolete cruisers. They must be replaced if our fleet is to be properly balanced. But comment goes even deeper. We have tried other methods to induce our neighbors across the Atlantic to agree to further naval limitation and have failed. President



Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

The Modern Ulysses and the Siren

Coolidge, as the Springfield "Republican" (an independent, liberal and pacifically inclined newspaper) remarks, has been "badly let down" by other Powers. There was the Geneva Conference that failed, the reservations that turned the Kellogg-Briand anti-war pact into a tacit recognition of war, and the Anglo-French understanding that was, or seemed, the product of forces opposed to relief from armaments. Whatever cause for alarm there may be is to be found abroad. But really, most newspapers in the United States seem to agree, there is no cause for alarm. The President was simply tired of begging Europe to disarm and, not too soon, decided to state America's case.

While this discussion was barely starting, there came the wireless messages that told of the tragic foundering of the British liner *Vestris*. Then followed the harrowing stories of the survivors and the legal and adminis-

trative investigations in New York. Again it is the British on the sea that became a subject of American press comment. Whatever may be said of the treatment of this disaster in the news columns, editorial comment in the great majority of responsible American newspapers has been restrained. Again and again it has been declared by these organs of public opinion that judgment must be suspended. Even among the commentators who place the burden of the loss of life upon the shoulders of the master who went down with his ship—"a tragic figure of indecision" is a typical phrase—the majority do not blame Captain Carey. He "guessed wrong." The question of what went on in the mind of this man of mystery is one that seems to fascinate editorial writers. Here and there an editor, without waiting for all the evidence, sits in judgment and renders a verdict—on the owners for sacrificing lives to profits and on the captain for considering the owners rather than the passengers. For the most part, however, there is little in the comment that is censorious or unfair. Indeed whatever astonishment there is mingled with the horror expressed is of itself a tribute to the reputation of British seamanship. And whatever insistence there is upon inquiry into the standards and discipline on this British vessel is matched by insistence upon inquiry into the thoroughness and effectiveness of American inspection. If American jealousy of British marine supremacy has been aroused by this disaster, it scarcely appears, if at all, on American editorial pages. Nor is there any sign of vindictiveness.

For Americans these have been days when the United States seems no longer a self-sufficient country but a land united with the rest of the world by the traversable sea.

►► Acquitting a Million Dollars

ONCE MORE a jury in the District of Columbia has refused to "convict a million dollars," although in this case it had little choice. Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, represented the "million dollars." He was being tried on the charge of having committed perjury in testifying before

the Senate Committee on Public Lands and Surveys last February.

As it turned out, however, the jury was not called upon to decide whether Stewart had perjured himself. The oil man's attorneys protested that a quorum of the Committee was not present when Stewart testified and that therefore the proceedings were not legal. Justice Jennings Bailey, who heard the case, agreed that if no quorum was present Colonel Stewart could not be held guilty. And since Ingram Mack, clerk of the committee, admitted on the stand that not more than six Senators were present on the day in question although a quorum would have required eight, the Court's charge practically commanded the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty.

The acquittal of Stewart, quite outside its significance as being perhaps the last of the oil cases, is interesting because it calls into question a very important point of Senate procedure. Once a quorum has been established in the Senate chamber or in committee rooms, it is customary to consider it still present until another roll call is demanded, although many Senators may have left their seats. Justice Bailey's decision challenges the legality of any action taken without the presence of a physical quorum. Doubtless the Senate will merely make certain in the future that when legal proceedings are expected to grow out of its investigations, a quorum is present at all times.

►► Vestris Inquiry

AS THE INQUIRY into the Vestris disaster proceeded, many facts became established and some rumors were refuted; but the delay in sending out alarm calls until long after the danger was serious and the lack of discipline in launching and handling the lifeboats were not unexplained on any theory; except, as to the first, the total failure of the ship's captain to estimate the danger truly, and as to the second, a tragic inability to act together and with intelligence. The worst and most pitiable feature of this failure to handle the situation was the filling of the port-side boats (largely with women and children who perished) when it was impossible to lower and get them away, and that, too, when there were enough boats to care for all on the starboard side.

The chief officer, Johnson, disowned on the stand that he was responsible

for the port-side boats and there was some evidence that Captain Carey himself was in charge there; in fact there has been very little testimony given as to what Captain Carey did after the order was given to lower boats.

One of the striking features of the second week of the inquiry was evidence that the "black gang" in the boiler-room worked to the very last minute under terrible conditions, without proper food, with water impeding them and in one or more instances held by chains so as to make it possible to wield a shovel.

Chief Officer Johnson on his second appearance before the general Federal inquiry all but broke down under emotional stress and made evident what one account calls "the chaos and apparent utter lack of discipline or intelligent plan of action aboard the doomed vessel before she sank."

No proof at all appeared to substantiate the rumors of concealed radio messages sent out by or to the Vestris.

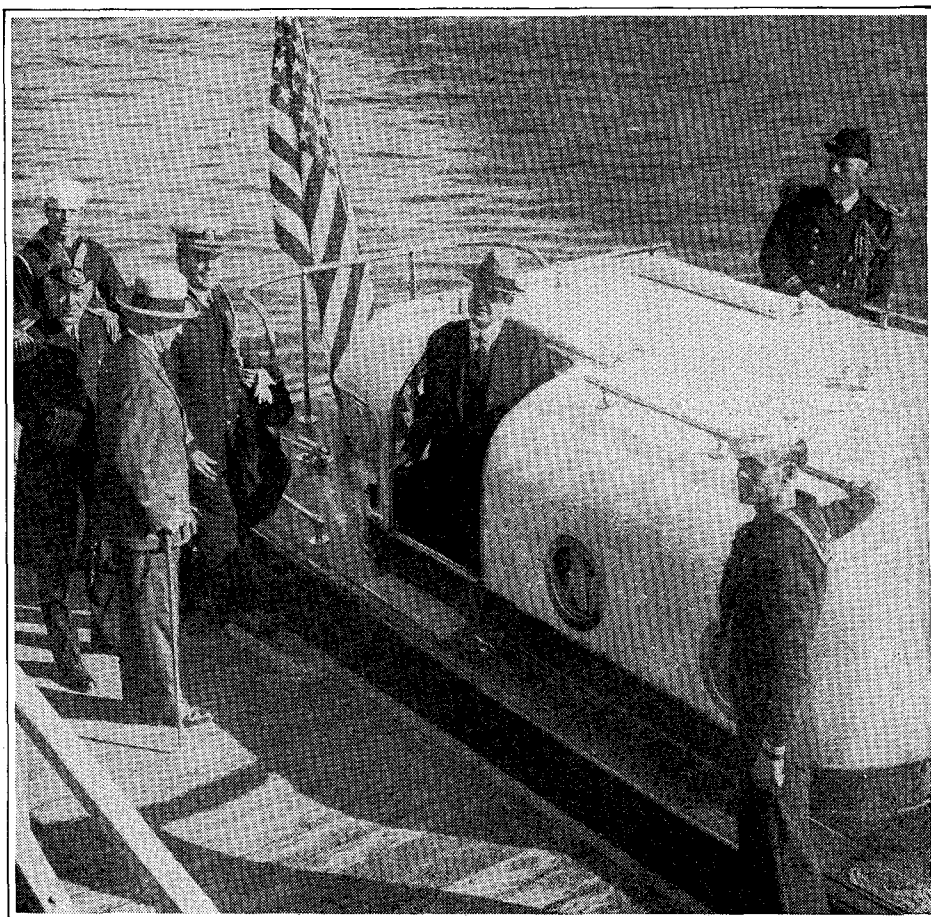
Captain Bambra, who commanded the Vestris on the last voyage previous to the disaster, declared that the ship was in fine condition, confirming

the testimony of the Federal inspection officers. He agreed, however, that with the ship's list as great as it was the passengers should all have been put in the starboard boats.

Commenting upon the testimony of the chief officer and the chief engineer, Mr. Lincoln Colcord, whose articles on the disaster in the New York "Evening Post" have special value as written by a writer of long experience with the sea, said: "More clearly than ever we have a picture of a ship settling to her doom through a period of perhaps twenty-four hours, from noon Sunday until noon Monday, while the officers in charge of her could not find out what the matter was, do not seem to have taken adequate steps to do so, and apparently failed to realize the seriousness of the situation."

►► White List Wins

LAST SPRING we recorded the progress of a war against dirt. The New York Consumers' League so annoyed certain candy makers by pointing out to the health authorities unsanitary conditions in the factories that the offenders came



Wide World

A GOOD-WILL VOYAGE BEGINS

President-elect Hoover on the Admiral's barge before boarding the S. S. Maryland which will take him and Mrs. Hoover to South America



Weed in the New York Evening World

Found His Voice!

into camp, so to speak, and the whole industry agreed to be good, to clean up and to submit to regular inspection, so as to make themselves eligible to a white list.

Now, after six months, whereas formerly about half of the factories were classed as dirty, only a few are ineligible to the new White List; scrubbing and painting have come in fashion; medical inspection cards are filed; New York's new forty-eight hour labor law is observed, and the girls' wages have in most cases been raised a little. The Consumers' League reports that formerly candy workers were by far the lowest paid of any women workers in the State. Since the White List appeared they have moved up into the class of workers whose wages are fair and whose product is clean. Whether they will remain in this class or drop back into the limbo from which the League rescued them will depend upon the support which the public gives to these White Lists.

►► Panic Insurance

BUSINESS, as every one knows, has always seemed to go in waves. Between crests of prosperity there come somewhat irregularly the depressions of hard times. For years Herbert Hoover has been urging measures to smooth down the crests and fill up the depressions. As long ago as 1921 the President's Conference on Unemployment pointed out that both extremes were vicious and proposed that business men and the Government co-operate to lessen their evils. One means proposed was to cut down expansion in boom times and use the saved capital when business begins to lag.

Now President-elect Hoover is as much interested in this insurance against panic as he ever was. Before sailing for South America he commissioned Governor Ralph O. Brewster of Maine to lay before the Conference of Governors, held at New Orleans shortly after his departure, his plan for the creation of a \$3,000,000,000 reserve fund to provide employment on public work during periods when business is slack. It is a sort of Joseph's store of employment for times of unemployment.

At such times, said Governor Brewster, "factories want work, laborers desire employment, merchants wish to clear their shelves." Yet, because of the vicious business cycle, men find their pockets bare and goods cannot be sold. America, he said, can stabilize prosperity by use of an employment reserve. It would not be a cure-all but an alleviation. "The release of three billions in construction contracts by public and quasi-public authority would remedy or quickly ameliorate the situation." By use of available Federal indexes the time to call such a reserve would be easily determined. Concerted action, rather than centralized authority, is proposed. It would do for unemployment what the Federal Reserve System does for finance.

In accord with its regulations to avoid the adoption of resolutions, the Governors Conference took no action. We hope the Governors were impressed.

►► D. A. R. Installment

OUR RUNNING STORY of the Daughters of the American Revolution, records in this installment the expulsion of Mrs. Mary P. Macfarland of Hanover, New Jersey. She was found guilty of "conducting herself in a way calculated to disturb the harmony and injure the good name of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution."

Mrs. Macfarland's offense was to protest against the famous "blacklist" of supposed subversive speakers, a source of charge and counter-charge, of assertion and denial, these many months.

She said: "I have protested against a policy of the national D. A. R. officers which is to the highest degree un-American, unintelligent and unworthy of the descendants of the men and women of 1776. They have been the credulous agents of hysterical profes-

sional propagandists and of certain Army officers who would keep the people under military espionage and control, and who induced these women, in defiance of public opinion, to advocate the continued use of poison gas . . .

"The action of the society has no effect on me and I remain, as I was born, a daughter of the American Revolution. My future will be given to the blacklisted women's organizations devoted to constructive patriotic work instead of destructive."

Said Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, president general: "Mrs. Macfarland has long unsuccessfully attempted to disturb the harmony of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her attempts have been unsuccessful because her charges have never been taken seriously, coming from a woman of such small importance in the organization. Protests like hers should come from active members and Mrs. Macfarland has attended only seven meetings in the fourteen years that she has been a member."

And so it goes on.

►► A Plea for Amnesty

HARD ON Mr. Coolidge's hard-boiled Armistice Day speech, we were reminded that we have in this country about 1,500 men and women who have not been forgiven for their behavior in the emotional days of 1918. Convicted under the Espionage Act and other special war laws, they are still without the right to vote, to hold office or perform jury duty.

"Many of those convictions," says a statement issued by the American Civil Liberties Union, "carried with them only fines or jail sentences of a few



Enright in the New York World

Paying A Call On The Neighbors



Underwood

GUARNACCIA OF HARVARD

Outstanding Star Against Yale

days, although any violation of the Espionage Act was punishable by twenty years in a Federal prison. But the mere fact of conviction, even in those cases where the penalty was slight, was sufficient to deprive all of these persons of their rights of citizenship. Most of the offenses were trivial. Practically all of them were for spoken or written opposition to the war. Many were solely for remarks in private conversation Not one of these espionage cases involved an act of violence. The few cases of real spies convicted during the war, or of persons charged with acts of violence, were brought under other laws."

Mr. Coolidge can issue a proclamation restoring the 1,500 to full rights, as was done after the Civil War. He has received an imposing petition asking him to take that step. He has, on another occasion, rejected such a proposal, taking the position that a general amnesty is an "extraordinary action which the situation does not call for;" that the only way to accomplish the result is for each disenfranchised person to apply individually for the restoration of his rights.

Nevertheless, Mr. Coolidge might hear himself called "just and generous" if he were to take the initiative.

►► From the Sidewalks of New York

ALTHOUGH Governor Smith's promise to call experts into session for a survey of the National farm problem went by the boards with his defeat, Governor-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt has taken a leaf from his book. On December 1 twenty agricultural experts will convene in New York City to begin a survey of farm problems in the State.

Quite aside from any political im-

plications which the survey may possess, one aspect of it is likely to prove of National significance. Mr. Roosevelt believes that State and local taxes play too large a part in the farmer's budget and he will advise the committee to direct a good share of its investigative energy there. From other States come similar rumors of taxes eating the farmer's profit. It would be an ironical twist indeed if from the sidewalks of New York should come, after all, the real cure for the farmer's ills.

►► Research and Rickets

SELDOM does a piece of research in pure science come so close to popular interest as does that for whose brilliant completion Dr Adolf Windaus has just been awarded the Nobel Prize for chemistry. What Dr. Windaus did was to demonstrate that ultra-violet is the agent which activates the chemical substance in our bodies known to physiologists as cholesterol.

What this signifies may be made a little clearer if we recall previous work performed by the American Dr. Hess. This worker attempted to establish the cause of the widespread bone deficiency disease called rickets, and he soon found that there was no rickets where there was in the sunshine a normal percentage of ultra-violet rays of wave lengths now characterized as belonging to the "vital" range. He also found that foods containing the vitamin D acted as a suitable substitute for this vital form of radiation. It was natural for some to jump to the admittedly

logical conclusion that the vital ultra-violet rays in some way manufactured vitamin D, and since these rays will not penetrate more than a fraction of the decimal layer the protection must be carried in some indirect manner to the interior of the body. Subsequently Dr. Harry Steenbock, of the University of Wisconsin, discovered a third way to protect against the bone deficiency diseases, and one which seemed as little connected with the first as was the second; he found that food when directly irradiated with vital ultra-violet rays, whether from the sun or a lamp, gave the same protection. His patent on the process was generously assigned to the University of Wisconsin, and cereals irradiated by his process are just appearing on the market. It remained for the Nobel prize winner, Dr. Windaus, to establish the medium through which the anti-rickets protective effect is transmitted to the body—a rare fatty substance called ergosterol.

►► Why Etta Yawns

APPARENTLY ETNA has once more accomplished her periodic revolution in bed and is rapidly falling off to sleep again. Thus she will remain until, to carry the figure further, a new lump of discomfort makes itself felt under her; when she will repeat her terrifying turning over performance.

Concerning volcanoes scientists still remain woefully in the dark. There is scarcely a volcanic phenomenon which is not under dispute among them. To account for periodic eruptions such as



Underwood

UNCLE SAM'S DRY-FLYERS

The first flying prohibition agents who operate from El Paso, Texas. Already they have spotted fifty stills, a rum boat, and numerous planes smuggling liquor from Mexico

those of Mount Etna we still have only theories, but these theories all center in the geological term *magmas*—molten masses of igneous fluids in the earth. How the magmatic matter originates, whether it is of deep-seated or purely local origin, and why it rises and overflows the surface at all are matters which can scarcely be decided until many more of the earth's guarded secrets have been pried open by scientists. The old view was that the entire interior of the earth was a molten fluid and volcanoes the spouts; that all volcanoes were subterraneously connected. Science is positive that this view is incorrect; the earth is as rigid as steel. The interior may be and doubtless is very hot but not molten.

The majority of geologists hold that *magmas* are local, barely solidified remnants of the original molten globe. As these localized *magmas* are under great pressure they cannot melt because melting involves expansion and the pressure prohibits expansion. The theory is that some shift in the ever-changing crust of the earth lessens this pressure and the magma under diminished pressure rapidly turns to fluid. This pours out of the earth not explosively but more as molasses oozes out of a jug. Thus we have an eruption of the recent Etna type.

►► "Social Athletes"

PRESIDENT CUTTEN of Colgate has come into the annual professorial discussion of athletics with a proposal that is both interesting and novel. A famous old football player at Yale, he has nothing to say about overemphasis of the grid-iron game, but suggests that there should be a more distinct emphasis on games not depending on physical contact, for the benefit of the student both physically and socially in after life. He points out that with graduation the collegian suddenly drops practically all, and in most cases actually all, sports of physical contact.

There seems to be something worth thinking about here, especially as this educator feels that tuition in such purely social games might well be maintained just as the chemistry course is maintained, for instance, and independent of support from the receipts of football games. There would seem to be little doubt that the graduate who is capable of playing an acceptable game of tennis or golf, is able to handle small boats, a gun, knows something about a

horse, is a good swimmer, and has other outdoor accomplishments,—in a word might be called a "social athlete,"—might well be an asset to any business or corporation. The idea is not entirely new—only that part is novel that suggests the incorporation of these accomplishments in the curricula of studies. If there is anything in the old definition of a college education as the acquirement of social common sense, Dr. Cutten's idea would seem to be worth encouraging. At present the nearest



Remarkable Remarks

No one can be a Christian and a prohibitionist.—S. CARSON.

When Tennysonian ideals of peace come down out of the skies and get into the "Saturday Evening Post" we are getting somewhere.—DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

We must rid our minds of the theory that chastity is a virtue. . . . We must learn to be honest.—LADY DRUMMOND HAY.

The man who fondly fancies that he "understands women" goes through life with one foot in the quicksand and the other on a banana peel.—HELEN ROWLAND.

While I had a dandy time abroad, I found Europe disappointing in some ways.—CLARENCE TERHUNE.

Those who proclaim to the world that they are "Masters of their own destiny" are only whistling loudly in the dark.—REV. EDWARD H. EMET.

Almost as many Americans have gained fame and fortune by believing in Hell as in Southern California.—DUNCAN AITKMAN.

The critic who has a hard time keeping awake at the theatre is the critic whose opinions are worth reading.—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

It is natural for every man to enjoy commendation and praise.—GENE TUNNEY.



thing to it probably are the activities at Princeton under the ægis of Dr. Raycroft. But of course the Princeton activities along this line are still dependent on football receipts for support.

In the old days the colleges turned out men whose social athletics consisted principally of baseball of "resort" character. Occasionally there were truly social and non-professional athletic club

teams such as the Staten Island Cricket Club, which boasted the services for a time of A. Alonzo Stagg, but these have faded out of existence. The new graduate "social athlete" is still in the making.

►► *Persona Non Grata*

COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI, first President of the Hungarian Republic, has again been refused a visa to visit the United States. Whether the State Department withholds its permission because it suspects Count Karolyi of Red tendencies or because it fears that he might stir up trouble among Hungarians in this country has never been revealed. It merely sees no reason now "for altering its decision."

Two years ago Countess Karolyi was given a visa to enter the country although the same courtesy was forbidden her husband. When she fell ill in New York, the Count was allowed to come in only after promising to say nothing for publication. Last September, traveling from Mexico to Spain, he was admitted without a visa for sixty hours.

Before the war Count Karolyi was reputed to be the richest man in Hungary. His marriage to Katinka Andrássy linked two of the empire's most prominent families, and he rapidly rose to be head of the Left Socialist wing of Parliament. After the abdication of Emperor Charles and the division of the empire, he became President of the infant Hungarian Republic. But Karolyi had made too many enemies in the old days to inspire loyalty in his people and the tide toward Bolshevism was too strong. In vain he pleaded with the Allies to send him troops. His petitions were refused and a Red wave under Bela Kun swept him from office and the country. Now he is an exile and a storm center wherever Hungarians gather.

Prominent liberals in this country plan to petition the State Department again in his behalf. But for the time being, at least, Count Karolyi is *persona non grata* to official United States.

►► *Crime News in Italy*

WHILE high-minded editorial associations in the United States strive to "do something" about the sensationalizing of crime news by the press, Iron Duke Mussolini solves a similar problem simply by issuing an edict. The

Italian Premier announced some days ago that the papers would be forbidden to print sensational crime news. Now Il Duce's own sheet, "Popolo d'Italia," has itself felt the ban. The Prefect of Police in Milan, it appears, is a literal-minded man. When he saw "Wounds His Fiancée and Kills Self in Father's Presence" emblazoned across the top of "Popolo d'Italia" he promptly sequestered the entire issue. Arnaldo Mussolini, brother of the Premier, was the first to applaud his action.

►► "Prosperity Complex"

WE COMMEND to all, and particularly to the keynoters and spellbinders of the late campaign, these paragraphs from an address by Virgil Jordan, chief economist of the National Industrial Conference Board:

"While new high industrial records of 1928 indicate the greatest outburst of productive activity witnessed in a single year of our history, there has been no year since the war, or even in our pre-war history, in which the overworked word 'prosperity' has had less real and definite meaning or has been more uncertain and questionable than it is today. Next year will go down as a crucial period in our economic life, for in it we shall come face to face with certain new, fundamental and unsolved problems of economic control and adjustment.

"This country is now firmly in the grasp of a 'prosperity' complex,' which has been gradually and insidiously built up during the last few years. Prosperity in the present situation is rather a state of mind than a fact susceptible of demonstration either by statistics or by actual experience among business men or the general public. In larger part, it is an illusion created by extraordinary financial conditions, by exceptional activity in production of certain types of goods, by radical changes in the organization and methods of manufacture, by changes in methods of distribution and by shifts in the living habits of the urban population. These changes have been carried forward on a powerful tide of inflation, so that their significance and the problems they raise for the future have been sub-

merged and obscured from public attention.

"The small independent retailer is up in arms against the chain store, and is egging on the Federal Trade Commission to harass these large corporations. The small manufacturer is pressing insistently for revision of the anti-trust laws so that he too may climb aboard the good ship Prosperity on which the big fellows are sailing, while millions of farmers have been appealing loudly and insistently for governmental relief in recent years and are going to get it."

The industries which are really prosperous, said Mr. Jordan, are those which cater to new wants, to the demand for luxuries. Basic industries such as textiles, coal, agriculture, railroads and shipping, he declared, have suffered from world-wide depression or have failed to share in the general prosperity.

►► The Last Laugh

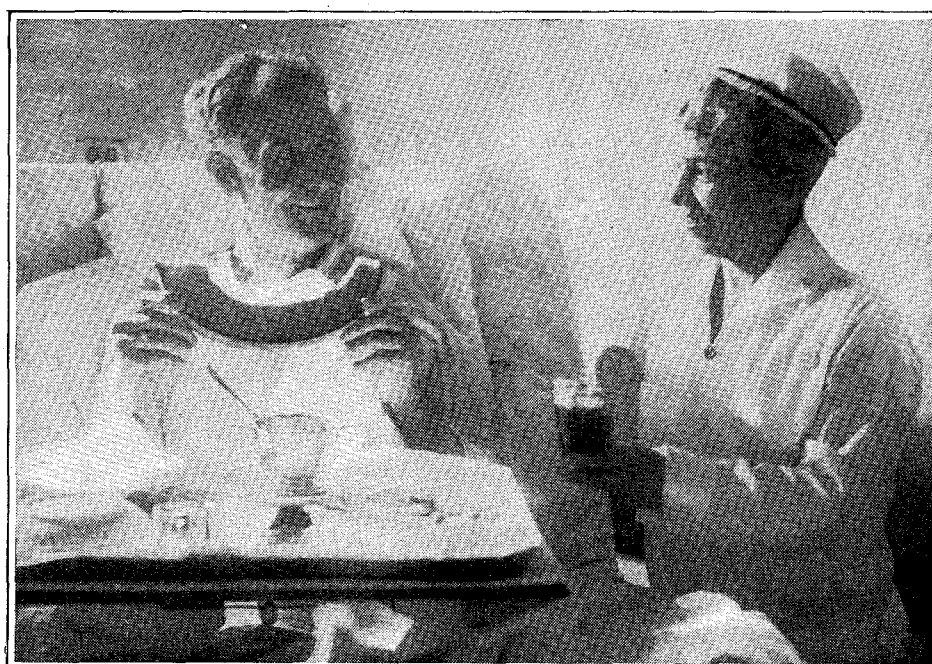
LORD BYNG, who taught the Germans a number of things at Vimy Ridge, is now instructing Londoners in the meaning of the last laugh. There have been discreet transatlantic chuckles at prohibition raids and padlocks in dry America; now Lord Byng, recently called to head the metropolitan police, has turned the tables with a series of raids upon select night clubs which sell

intoxicants after the hour when the law has decreed no more shall be dispensed. Ten o'clock is last call in London, which means embarrassment no end for anxious night-club proprietors whose after-theatre patrons demand surcease from parched throats. Some of these publicans, their own stocks tightly closed, have managed things through working arrangements with convenient bootleggers. But Lord Byng, it appears, will change all that. Ten o'clock is to be fact as well as law. And Americans, long silenced when prohibition was mentioned in international gatherings, may indulge themselves in the satisfying tonic of a last laugh.

►► The Arms of Venus

ONE OF THE TRADITIONS that will not down, despite facts, is that no one knows how the Venus de Milo would look if her beautiful arms were restored to her beautiful body. This tradition has led to a proposal in Athens to make an effort to recover the missing limbs by search in the island of Melos.

This proposal has brought out a statement from the authorities at the Louvre that they believe they have all that exists of the Venus, including parts of the arms, which have long been on exhibition in the same room with the statue. They assert also that documents and verbal evidence of witnesses indicate with certainty that the statue when it was unearthed at Milo by a peasant was possessed of its arms and



Wide World

WHILE THE SHOW GOES ON

Fred Stone convalesces in New York, but Will Rogers carries on in "Three Cheers"

that the left arm was slightly raised, holding an apple in the hand, while the right arm was pendant with the hand grasping a belt or similar object.

The theory as to the maiming of the Goddess of Love is that it took place in a fight between French sailors and Greeks. The thrifty peasants who found the statue had sold it to France and then tried to sell it a second time to the Greeks. The French had sent a warship to convey the prize to France and the naval officers got the best of the squabble while Venus got the worst of it. At the time it was officially stated that the statue was accompanied by a portion of one forearm and by a hand holding an apple. If there were any minor fragments left on the battlefield, they were worthless.

►► Race and Mind

DR. C. B. DAVENPORT, director of the Department of Genetics at the Carnegie Institution in Washington, has been taking sensory and psychological tests of an assortment of whites, blacks and browns who showed, however, no marked differences of training, education or condition of life.

He concludes, "first that races differ in innate moral traits, as really as they do in physical characters. Second, that the negroes show a superiority over the white in at least certain parts of the field of sense discrimination. In ability to retain and reproduce a series of

figures they seem to be at least equal to, if not superior to the whites; but in tests involving some organization, foresight and planning, the negroes seem to be inferior to the whites.

"In general the grades of the browns are strictly intermediate in the case of mental traits and exactly intermediate in the case of physical traits. This is a fact of special importance, for the blacks and browns live side by side in rural Jamaica and, indeed, they can frequently be distinguished only by their pedigree.

"Therefore difference in social status or training can hardly be responsible for the fact that browns tend in their mental reactions toward the whites. We are driven to the conclusion that there is a constitutional, hereditary, genetical basis for the difference between the two races in mental tests; we have to conclude that there are racial differences in mental traits."

In this industrial age, therefore, the whites seem to have it; but we would not minimize the negro's superior "sense discrimination," which means a better sense of pitch and rhythm, which means music.

►► A Year of Aviation

A RECORD OF PROGRESS, not one of stunts, has just been put out by Major Young, aeronautic director in the United States Department of Commerce. The number of planes pro-

duced in the fiscal year ending June 30 last is about sixty-five per cent greater than in the previous year, and their money value sixty per cent larger. Air transport, Major Young tells us, has now a definite place. Our established airway system of mail routes under contract is only one tenth of the whole amount of civil flying. Yet on those routes 27,817 miles are flown daily and trading areas having 80,000,000 people are served.

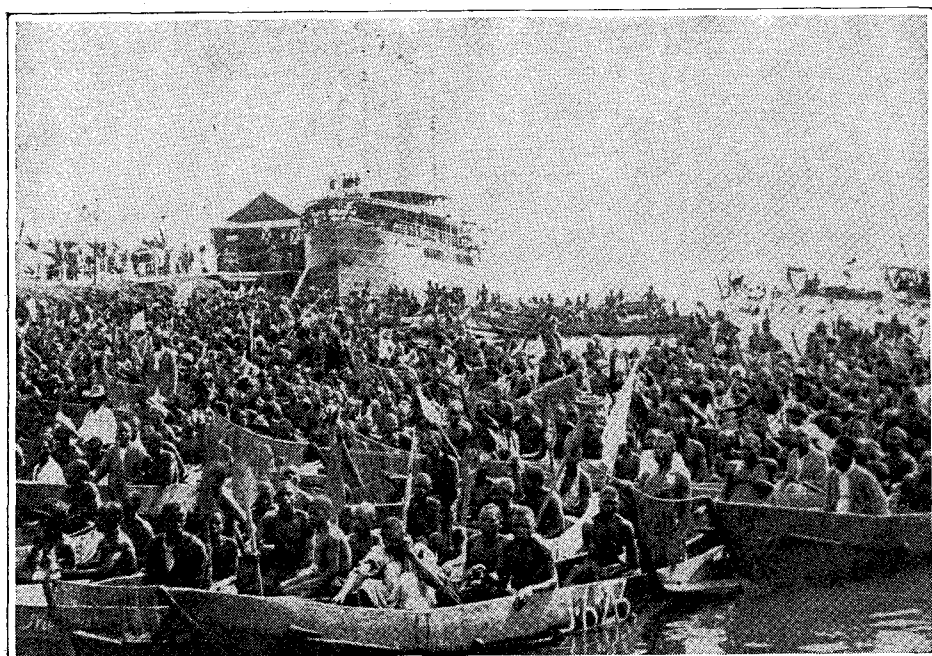
One valuable feature of this report is our increased export sale of airplanes and airplane parts. Major Young lays the credit for this largely to the fact that long distance flights of our airmen have enhanced materially the position of American aircraft in foreign countries. Incidentally he considers that the stricter enforcement of Federal regulations has inspired public confidence in the safety of air transport.

Altogether the year has been a phenomenal one in air travel and transport. The improvement has been notable and the possibilities are unbounded.

►► Unrevolutionized Peasants

FIRE IS THE TRADITIONAL WEAPON of the peasants of Russia against those to whom they bear a grudge. They are using it now against the Bolsheviks. The Soviet Government set out recently to institute a new system of taxation of the peasants, particularly the more thrifty and well-to-do as contrasted with the "poor" peasants. The result has been a series of fires on the Communist state or collective farms, and in the "poor peasant clubs" and hay and grain stocks. Killings of Soviet officials, also, have run to fifty since the middle of August.

The demonstrations against the Soviet administration evidently do not have anything like the character of a general rebellion, or even an uprising. They do show the lack of agreement or sympathy between the Communist dictators and the great masses of the peasantry who make up the bulk of the population of the country. That the outbreaks are serious is proved by the fact that news of them has appeared in the official newspaper in Moscow, the "Izvestia." Doubtless they will be checked; but the widespread discontent they seem to reflect is inherent in the attempt to run a great agrarian land according to the principles of industrial socialism.



Wide World

A ROYAL RECEPTION IN AFRICA

Uganda Natives welcome the Prince of Wales to their country

Editorials

A Blow at Freedom

SELF-GOVERNMENT can endure only as long as opinion, including the expression of it, is free. Any people who cannot by word or print freely make charges against those in authority are not self-governing. They must be secure in their right of free speech and free press; otherwise they are not governing but are simply governed.

Freedom of speech and of the press involves freedom to make mistakes, freedom to express wrong as well as right opinions, freedom even to utter slanders and libels. This does not mean that people in a self-governing community shall not be held accountable for the way in which they exercise their freedom. On the contrary, the freer the people, the more responsible they are for the preservation of their freedom against abuse. Nor does freedom of speech or press mean license to disturb the public peace or obstruct the freedom of others. But it does mean that no one shall have the power to decide beforehand what any man shall think or say or publish. It is because this freedom is essential to self-government that it is guaranteed by the Federal Constitution against interference by the Federal Government and by every State Constitution—so far as we know—against interference by the State.

Minnesota's Constitution puts the guarantee of a free press in the following words: "The liberty of the press shall forever remain inviolated, and all persons may freely speak, write and publish their sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for its abuse of such right."

In spite of this the State of Minnesota has a law which permits a judge to decide what is defamatory or malicious and to enjoin as a nuisance the publication of it. This is not an extension of the law of libel. That law holds the publisher of a libel responsible to a jury of his peers for what he has published. This law on the contrary provides for the prevention of the utterance of the libel or anything which a judge may consider a libel. It is worse than common censorship, because it clothes the censor with judicial power to decide, punish and suppress.

Inconceivable as it may appear, the Supreme Court of Minnesota has decided that that law is Constitutional. A paper known as the "Saturday Press" of Minneapolis published charges of police connivance with racketeering, vice and gambling. A judge decided that the charges were defamatory. He therefore enjoined the paper against further publication of them and suppressed the paper. He alone heard the evidence and he alone issued the order. Whether the charges were true or not is aside from the point. Those aggrieved have the right to sue and if injured to recover damages and even, if the libel is criminal, to insist on criminal prosecution. The menace in the Minnesota law is the use of the judicial power not to hold men accountable for their freedom but to suppress their freedom altogether.

This is in no sense, it should be emphasized again, a question of the character of the articles published by the "Saturday Press." Whether they were true or false, whether they were libelous or published with malicious intent is no part of the discussion. The very essence of a free press lies in its right to be the sole judge of what it prints. The law of libel holds ample relief for the citizen attacked by unscrupulous

editors. Against those who libel or slander him he may always turn to the courts, but only when the libel or slander has become a fact through publication.

The injunction is a legal instrument for which there is a legitimate use to prevent irreparable damage, but its legitimate use does not include the suppression or abridgement of what is guaranteed by any constitutional bill of rights.

This is a matter that concerns every citizen. It is not a class question, it is a public peril. Imagine a situation in which a corrupt officialdom in partnership with the underworld attempts to suppress public knowledge of crime and a corrupt or dull-minded judge is found to do the bidding of the partners in evil. What protection would the public have against such a tyranny? Such a law is the best that organized criminals could desire for their own security.

The American Newspaper Publishers Association has in a resolution very properly appealed to all "free and loyal Americans" to take cognizance of this state of affairs and to "demand the restoration of the right of free speech." The members of the Association make this appeal not alone in their capacity as publishers but as citizens. They have raised an issue that cannot be settled until it is settled on behalf of liberty and public rights.

Imponderables

THE inquiry into the sinking of the *Vestris* drags its slow and technical course. Since the rather bungling beginning, the examination, aided by British and American naval experts, shows increasing promise of getting to the heart of this mystifying sea tragedy that sent more than a hundred passengers to untimely ocean graves. Until that inquiry is completed and its findings have received the approval of competent authorities, the layman should be slow to make up his mind as to the responsibility for the disaster. The final word will not be found in the testimony of shocked and bewildered passengers nor in the sensational headlines in the newspapers. The landsman is not the proper person to appraise the hazards of the relentless and treacherous sea. It is true that the first stories of confusion, indecision and delay have not been contradicted in the current inquiry. Against them, we must for the moment place the hostile and unpredictable behavior of the elements. Ships may be safe, masters and men competent and courageous; still they cannot always prevail, as strong battalions cannot always prevail, over the imponderables.

This much can be said at this writing: There is no evidence that the owners of the *Vestris* wittingly sent to sea a ship unfit for service, nor that they share with Captain Carey culpability for the delayed S O S. The captain himself has not fared so well. Whatever his reason for withholding the call for aid, the hard facts that have been adduced from testimony are not to his credit. The charitable view of him at the moment is that he pitted his judgment against the sea and lost, as men have lost these hundreds of years. And if it develops that he did not live up to the best traditions of the sea in his great test, it must be admitted that he died in them.

The Editors—

—If You Know What I Mean—

By WALTON MORTON

THERE'S one nice thing about the people in the advertising illustrations: however rich they look, however fancy their surroundings, they don't seem to have had their heads turned by their success. The same air of humility abides with them that hung over them in the lean days before Radio Common and Republican prosperity. Stuck up? Huh—I guess you haven't seen that linoleum rug advertisement or the parlor-stove-1928-style picture.

The latter, for instance, shows a room for whose furnishings Europe has obviously been ransacked, to say the least. The occupants, three enormously expensive-looking folk, are lounging around in three hundred-dollar chairs amid the delicate and high-priced fragrance of gay flower bowls. The man is not smoking, but you can well believe that he has a big, fat case of eighty-cent cigars in his pocket, while the two women—obviously a pair of Miss Spence's products—seem to be pumping him for the yarn of how he made his pile. Over all broods the rich aroma of dough in large quantities, and it is with no small sense of relief that you discover over against the wall the good old base burner or "Heatrola." Here are people, I maintain, whose feet are firmly on the ground, whose tough fibre wealth has failed to weaken.

I've seen them in their fine clothes, fresh from the hands of clever valets and maids, laden with jewels, sitting with the greatest air of simplicity around an oil-stove. I've seen a woman wearing a Doucet importation beating her own eggs and waxing her own floors. I've seen a man who fired his furnace in immaculate evening clothes, the same man whose wife upstairs, although surrounded by every costly bauble her heart desired, still kept a sneaking fondness for imitation-Oriental-linoleum rugs.

And all this, I suppose, may be traced back to the rugged old pioneer stock that is still the backbone of this country. We're rich, we're great, but we still read Herbert Kaufman and keep an interest in the common, rummy little things of life.

Speaking of Herbert Kaufman, possibly you missed Mr. Hearst's big signed statement and lobby display to the effect that this Deep Thinker was

once more cerebrating exclusively for the Hearst papers. Too bad if you did, for the announcement itself was a pretty fair piece of heavy work and quite worthy of the detonations which Mr. Kaufman subsequently set loose. To tell the truth, I've just about lost track of Ed Howe and I let my subscription to the "Mercury" lapse. I was at a pretty low ebb, accordingly, without any steady reading that you might really call profound. Tunney's in Europe, Raskob has shut up shop, Dorsey and Wiggam are out on the Chautauquas, so I've been making a desperate intellectual battle to eke out with Edgar Rice Burroughs romances and the public addresses of Governor Fuller. This Kaufman appearance toned me up wonderfully—sort of a mental Peruna, if you know what I mean.

"A PESSIMIST is a bob-cat who doesn't believe in tails," begins Herbert. (I don't know whether the italics are Kaufman's or Hearst's.) "His opinions are the sourings of a mind which views all Truth through doubt's smoked glasses."

You can see it didn't take him long to hit his stride. (After studying this over, I've figured out that what Kaufman means is that a *pessimist* is a *pessimist* and not an *optimist*. Do you get the same thought?)

"The winners of the human race, from the builder of the first hand loom down to Marconi, were *leered* at and *sneered* at before they were *cheered* at," he continues. Evidently the name of the "builder of the first hand loom" escaped Ponderer Kaufman for the moment, and I think he might have contrived a somewhat jauntier manner by tacking the "Guglielmo" to the Marconi. (But of course this is merely an opinion that I offer with all diffidence.)

"The closest friends of the Wright brothers were *sure* they were 'all up in the air,' until they begin to *fly* there." You can see that even Kaufman has his lighter side and I, for one, am looking for him to give Brisbane a whale of a run for his money. He's discovered Firestone, Eastman, Ford and all those fellows already. Hard work, he has

decided, is a great thing and careless people make more mistakes than careful people. These "thoughts" of his, incidentally, are said to fetch well into six figures per annum.

Here are a few nuggets from a Kaufman article entitled: "Why You're Not Promoted." (Kaufman, as the caption indicates, is just about persuaded that his readers are a pretty dumb lot.) "Every other ability is *secondary* to *reliability*." Remember: he bats these out every day. "That's the quality which promotes men from *overalls* to *overseers*." "Misdirected energy and productive toil are as far apart as a bungler's estimate of his worth and the record's *knowledge* of his value."

Deep Thinking is not all Herbert does, either. He's not in a rut, no sir. Every once in a while he doubles in poetry, or rather in a series of what are called "V Verses—Vim, Vigor, Victory." He can do these every day, too, provided of course there's room between the canned editorials and the "What Do You Know" column.

How many times did Cæsar flunk?
How many times was Nelson sunk?
When they were thrashed, did they
get drunk?
And quit the struggle in a funk?

Don't ever let any one tell you that Kaufman can't make 'em rhyme. He goes right on with "pressed," "test," "best," and "messed." Here's a man, I do believe, who could write a popular song, if he set about it—something about a "moon" and "June." . . . Croon, tune, soon . . . shucks, I have half a notion to try one myself . . .

RIGHT NOW I'm still undecided about Brisbane and Kaufman, though. I know that those italics of Kaufman's are showy and there's a lot of originality to his ideas. But mere *brilliance* is apt not to be *permanent* and I must say that I found myself turning back to Brisbane's front-page column with a feeling of confidence that I'd understand what I was reading. I read:

"What is socialism, by the way? It is nothing but the effort, often a very foolish effort, to improve social conditions. When the opportunity offers, they should be improved."

Well, I really can't say. Which do you think is better?

➡➡ The Movies ⬅⬅

➡➡ "Interference"

WILLIAM POWELL, Evelyn Brent, Clive Brook, Doris Kenyon, Brandon Hurst. These names are known wherever films flicker, in every civilized and not-so-civilized quarter of the globe. Until "Interference," none of the millions who have seen their faces knew that speech so much as entered the private doings of these strange, shadowy folk.

But speak they can and do in "Interference," Paramount's first all-talking picture, and they all do it well.

The play itself is excellent, although by no means ideal for talkie purposes, because of its slow, intense pace and lack of scenic variety. We realize that we have said this same thing about previous talking pictures and, boring though it be, we shall keep on saying it until they do something about it. They *must* speed them up and they *must* keep them moving around.

"Interference" provides a perfect example of this condition, in that the plot is excellent, the acting more than adequate, the photography and staging perfect as far as it goes. And yet—"Interference" falls a long way below its stage predecessor as entertainment, because the human eye can receive a far better image of two or three stage settings than the movie camera can.

The movies have it over us owners of human eyes in one marked respect, however: They have the money to travel, and we haven't. Let's see them get away from the present three-act environment that hems them in, and show us a little of the world.

➡➡ "The Woman Disputed"

ALL THE LADIES in the world will want to see this Norma Talmadge picture. Why? Because all the ladies like Norma Talmadge. She appears to provide the answer to that craving for romance which is in the breasts of all those impeccable females who registered this year, for the first time in their lives, to beat Mr. and Mrs. Al Smith.

"The Woman Disputed" is, in our opinion, the best picture Norma Talmadge has ever had. It dripped so comparatively little sweetness that we

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

find it next to impossible to use the line concerning it that we had all made up before seeing the picture. This line went as follows: "Stay away from Norma Talmadge pictures and smoke a Lucky instead."

The picture has some good big scenes, skillful direction and a fine performance by Gilbert Roland, who we should like to see handle a really big part, some day. The story, a tale of two buddies who loved the same girl and had a big split-up over her and the Great War, all at once, isn't too convincing, nor is it wildly interesting. The thing that makes the picture is its bigness.

➡➡ "Homecoming"

THE WORKMANLIKE Germans have taken a rather stark variation of the Enoch Arden theme, and by means of their startling photography and feeling for the dramatic, have made it into a genuinely interesting picture called "Homecoming," released in this country by Paramount.

There are only three principals—Lars Hanson and two others. No attempt is made to overplay the story, or bolster the picture up with hokum. It is the sort of film that we should call

"artistic." We don't know in the least what this dangerous and much-abused word means to you, but to us it means that the thing treated shall be always in its proper perspective. The Germans shoot their scenes from crazy angles and bring in all sorts of out-of-the-way effects; but when the sum total of their labors reaches the screen, one almost invariably finds that every detail, every facial expression, every gesture is in its proper relation to the whole. And if that isn't art, then what is?

➡➡ "Killing the Killer"

ANOTHER German triumph is the short subject, "Killing the Killer," a thrilling fifteen-minute exposition of a battle to the death. The antagonists put on a show that chills you, horrifies and thrills you and reminds you that this fight has been going on for centuries. For the winner is a mongoose, the short-ender a cobra and the scene, India.

To those who can't bear to think of a snake, let alone look at one, this film is not recommended. To all others we say—go out of your way to see it. It carries the spine-chilling, heart-warming quality that always goes with the knock-out wallop.



GUSTAV FROELICH AND DITA PARLO

in "The Homecoming"

I Will Not Sell My Papers

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

IT WAS a good deal like asking: "Will you sell your wife?" Well, newspapers are sold. Mr. Harding, when he was elected President, sold his paper. There are men who deal in country weeklies, buy and sell them.

But there isn't anyone going to elect me President. I don't even know of any one who wants to give me another steady job. And it may be that running a country weekly is more important than being President. Think what Harding might have escaped.

I have been running two county newspapers, in Smyth County, Virginia, for a year now. Only last week a man came in and offered to buy the papers. For some reason the idea struck me as absurd. I can imagine giving them to some one. "Here, you can do this job better than I can." As a man might walk out on his wife when he no longer loved her, or when she loved another man.

Another man came in and wanted me to make my papers a part of a "chain," like the drug and grocery stores.

"But, my dear sir," I said, "a country weekly is such a highly personal thing. It is about the only kind of personal journalism left. If you put it into a chain it becomes as impersonal as a city daily.

"Of course, now—if this town suddenly became industrialized and grew big. If we had to run a daily here. I could sell a daily perhaps as I would any other property.

"Or if a war broke out. I would sell them in a hurry. Imagine having to run a country weekly during a war like the last one. Suppose you were at heart a pacifist. I am, of course. I couldn't run any kind of a newspaper during a war. It is difficult enough to run one during a Presidential election. I almost went crazy during this last election."

Suppose you had to turn in and begin calling all the Germans or the Japanese "devils"—singing the song of hate.

One of my two weeklies, both published in the same town, on the same press, is Democratic and the other Republican. I have two political editors. I just gave them the space. It didn't matter to me which was elected.

But a war. . . .

Days passing in a town—in any town, anywhere.

Before I came here I had been a city man a long time. I had almost forgotten about the towns. But American cities are no more than small towns grouped together. There is a negro section, a Greek, Italian, German, Irish section—the quarters of the intellectuals. I lived among the intellectuals for a time. I still go to the city



SHERWOOD ANDERSON

to visit them. There is a section where the rich live and another for the very poor.

Long streets of middle-class houses and apartments. Tough streets.

Sections of the city where you can go and get yourself a woman for hire.

In a small town the band plays on summer nights. People are driving around in cars. There are drug stores,

hardware stores, print shops, like ours, clothing stores, dry goods stores, shoe stores. There are hotels to which traveling men come.

Boys go swimming in a creek or in a river in the summer.

Wait now, we have but touched the rim of the towns. Young men walking along with feverish burning eyes. Are they young poets? They are young men filled with lust.

Lust in girls, too, in school teachers, preachers, husbands, wives.

Do you think women lust after one man or men after one woman?

"I am as full of lusts as a tree is full of blossoms," says the poet.

All men and women are poets sometimes for swift passing moments in life.

Let me catch it if I can. Clutch it.

Do you think the rich man who has got power is satisfied with his riches and his power? You are a fool.

Yesterday I drove my car down a street of our town I had never been on before. I did not know the street was there. Men hailed me. Women and children were sitting on doorsteps. "It is our editor."

"Well, you have been a long time getting down here."

When I drive on a country road in this county farmers or their wives call to me. "Come in and get some cider, a basket of grapes, some sweet corn for dinner." The women of the town and county keep the print shop fragrant with flowers.

I have a place in this community. How difficult to feel that in the city.

I am bored sometimes. Who isn't? Suppose you have to report an amateur theatrical performance, that happens—the actors all wanting praise, of course—just as do the professionals in cities.

I have been just as deeply bored in a playhouse on Broadway as I could be in Marion.

The town spreads itself out, it performs for me as I do for it. Now, look you.

A man in the town has done a tricky thing. Do you think he is satisfied with himself? Now he is going about explaining himself, explaining and explaining. Do you think he would do that if he were satisfied with himself?

There are forests near the town.

See the majesty of the river in the sun. See birds flying over the river.

River talk. Creek talk. Town talk.

Women's missionary societies meeting and talking. A Kiwanis Club. A Rotary Club.

Men sitting at table with their wives, their minds straying far. Women's minds straying.

Improvements, culture. Lectures heard, books read, music listened to.

A man has flown across the Atlantic. There is an announcer shouting over the radio. "Did you hear the Dempsey-Tunney fight? That was a good announcer."

Birds building nests in trees in the woods above and below town. Corn growing in fields.

In the winter gusty days. Snows come. Engines creak on the rails of the railroad tracks.

A man in a house on a certain street gets suddenly angry and strikes his wife. Her nose bleeds. Her blood falls down on the bosom of her dress. The man goes out of the house and slams the door.

Will the woman leave her husband? Will she divorce him? No, she will keep right on living with him.

There was a drowned man pulled out of the river. He was drunk and fell in and drowned.

There are rainy winter and fall nights when the editor walks about in the streets or in country roads, sick with disgust of his own life, that he is so ineffectual in life. Tears come to his eyes sometimes. It happened when he lived in cities just as it happens here, in this small town.

Even as I sit writing, a man, a merchant here, comes in. He tells me of another man, a friend. "He was at my house last night. He is in deep trouble. He is in love with another man's wife and cannot get over it. Is there any cure for such a man? Can he get over it?"

"Alas, yes. He will. That is the pity of it. A man really in love, no matter what the difficulties, is a poet. Men and women in love are about the only poets we have. Save your pity for the man or woman no longer capable of falling in love. There are that kind here, too."

"But perhaps he is only lusting. Love does not come to many people. You have to be capable of holding it."

But to come back to the town—do you know about the man who suddenly after a long life of sin got God? He had been a wicked man, he said. After he got God he used to stand on the street corners and preach. What was he up to? He had a daughter who was

ashamed of him. "Don't do it, Father, please don't," she begged. She explained that it humiliated her too much. He kept saying that he had to do it. That he had to testify to his God.

There are a thousand tales in this town as in all towns. Where shall any one begin? There was a young man, a farm hand, came to town and saw the military company drilling in the street on a summer evening.

He stood at the curb, his brown hands clutching the door of a Ford car. He thought the men marching were beautiful. He thought their uniforms beautiful. He thought, "If I could only be-



The Great Prohibition Mystery

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

It is something of a mystery, to be sure, why people should vote one way and drink another. Almost as many articles have been written to explain it as there are speak-easies in our great cities. And still it remains something of a mystery. Mr. O'Higgins, in the third of his articles for the Outlook and Independent, which will appear in the December 12 issue, analyzes the revolt against prohibition in the light of the new psychology. Under the revealing light of this mental X-ray, much of the "mystery" seems to disappear, he indicates. But the fact remains, he believes, that "the attempt to enforce prohibition has been a disaster because it has upset the orderly progress of intelligent self-control in temperance which America was achieving by education and social use."



long to that military company I would be the proudest and happiest man in the world."

Do you know about the rich young man? He was born rich. He was taught that he was something special and believed it. It spoiled his whole life. It spoiled his body, the way he walked, his voice, everything.

He could not love. No one had taught him how to love. Even as a small boy he had no fun. He put on airs and the other boys laughed at him.

There was a farmer, a renting farmer, who lived on a farm near town. He got in a quarrel with another man who owned a beautiful dog. He was afraid

of the man so one night he crept out and shot the dog.

"Will you sell the newspapers?" What an idea. I have been the editor of an American small-town paper for a year now. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has not described the life of our towns, Mr. Dreiser has not done it nor have I.

I have got an occupation here, something to do. I like the smell of the shop, the business, the uncertainty, the position it has given me in the community. For a long time I have been a writer. Much of the writing here, on my papers, must be quick and passing. Even on a weekly the time for going to press comes all too quickly.

Too often I do not have time to think of what I write. For convenience's sake I live directly over the shop. Sometimes the presses run in the night. They shake the building. I lie in bed and tremble sometimes.

I AM AFRAID the people here will not like my papers, but they are amazingly kind. When an old farmer, or a laborer from one of the factories, comes in to pay up for another year, I am childishly pleased. If he says, "It is a good paper. It is good reading," I am delighted. I run about telling the men in the shop. I walk up and down in the shop and brag. The men, Jack, Joe and Gil, smile at me. They laugh a little. Even Zeb, the printer's devil, smiles. They have been doing this thing for a long time.

One of the men in my shop has worked on an American county weekly in Virginia for forty years.

The men are indulgent with me, as is the town and the county. They know I am a green hand. Why, I have been running an American country weekly for only a year. Do I want to sell it? Of course not.

I must have a job and I never have had another job that gave me half so much pleasure.

A man has to work. He cannot be just a teller of old tales. He has to find somewhere a place into which he fits.

The presses in the print shop are persistent things. They eat up thousands and thousands of sheets of paper. They keep demanding and demanding.

It is good to have something like that, crying and crying. New weeks come as the seasons come on the farm. The fields have to be prepared and the crops planted. The paper has to be got ready. It certainly serves to take your mind off yourself.

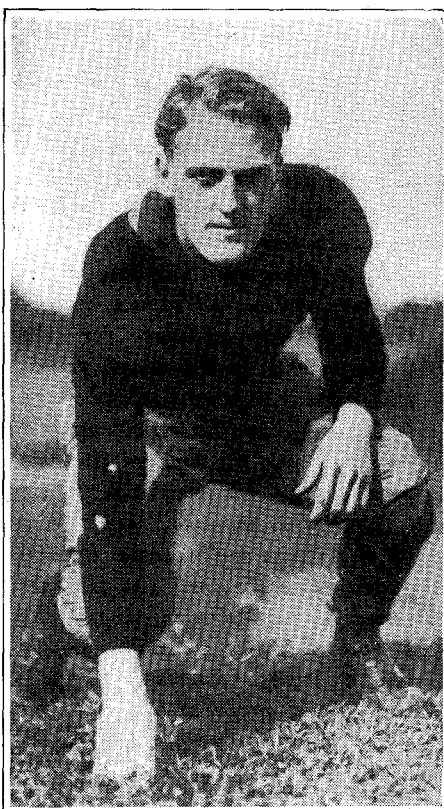
Nassau's Football Uprising

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

PRINCETON came through against Yale in the fifty-second annual encounter in the Palmer Stadium so handsomely as to call for considerable analysis as well as cheers, making it necessary in these notes to become a little technical now and then. There is credit enough, goodness knows, to spread around quite thickly at Nassau, over the coaches and the players. So perhaps it would be just as well to begin with W. W. Roper, head coach, since he is a member of the Rules Committee under whose laws the game is played. Having been one of the makers of the code designed to give us as spectacular and sound a game as could be arranged for, he apparently decided to show just what could be done with the new rules on attack. Having also the material with which to do it, he proceeded to stage as scientific and versatile an offense as I have seen on any gridiron so far this season, an offense that so bewildered Yale that the Elis were at times, and with justice, labeled "dumb" by their worried partisans. It is true that this brilliant and intellectually satisfying offensive did not get into motion as soon as it might have, perhaps partly due to the heat, and perhaps partly due to the fact that Keene Fitzpatrick, the veteran trainer, had his team in such a condition that it was not at the peak when it entered the game, but came up to that point—literally *played its way up to the peak*. And once at that proud eminence, the affair became an exhibition of almost perfect football under modern conditions. Regardless of any partisanship, most of us were in a condition approaching awe as the game went on, and that feeling has not yet departed. That feeling will remain, I think, regardless of the outcome against the Navy.

When one sits open mouthed at any such exhibition his only critical defense lies in looking for flaws. There were possibly two blemishes on the Tiger scheme of things. One looked for better kicking. Nor did one expect to see the team try to run the ball out from behind the goal line at a time when the game was without score. But these blemishes only intrenched one in the position of feeling that the sheer delight of perfection was down there on the greensward just the same. Phy-

sically there was no flaw in the Yale defense, for it was desperately hard despite the pressure applied by the big Tiger line and the rugged Tiger backs. Young Mr. Loud, a promising Yale sophomore, was easily the star of the Yale team, in the desperate advances the Blue was able to put on, and his accurate kicking kept back the Orange and Black horde from its inevitable



O. E. MILES
"The Man in Motion"

march many more minutes than Princeton had counted upon. After the first exhilaration of watching the plays go through, around and over the Yale line, the "wheel pass" and the long lateral, worked so superbly by Ed Wittmer and Trix Bennett, later reinforced by Requardt, with Mike Miles, the "man in motion" clearing the path on almost every play,—this wheel pass winding up with many yards of gain through many open spaces whence Yale's secondary defense had been drawn by deception of the finest type,—it came time to settle down and study this offense of Roper's that we all knew he

had, but that had appeared only in spasms earlier in the season.

Very well, then, there was every possible threat in every formation that Roper used—the very best play design of the year, so far, at least in the Eastern sector. His eligible pass receivers wore white striped helmets, as West Virginia, Syracuse and others were wont to assume—the best device of all, I think, in picking out one's man. So that equipment, in the first place, had been carefully thought out. As for the formation, it varied most of the time between the "wing back wide" style, and the old-time spread that Princeton has used before and that came down through the years, originally, I think, from Pennsylvania State, through Colgate, West Virginia and then through several other teams. For those who are a little puzzled over technique, the "wing back wide" means that one or more backs are planted so wide as to flank the defensive tackle. This perforce opens the defensive line. But in this formation the Yale defense too often forgot that it was as well adapted to quick punches and line wedges inside the tackles, as it was to any sort of open play, the passes and the sweeps. Thus, whenever the Princeton formation had just a barely apparent tendency toward sweeps or passes, it wound up in a drive against some opening in the line. When it seemed to lean toward line drives, it resulted in sudden sweeps and passes that caught Yale's waiting ends flat-footed, and the defensive wing backs out of position. It was by this method, therefore, that the Tigers marched sixty and then fifty-two yards for scores. The Yale defense never did quite solve the plays despite the hard tackling of Decker for the time he was in, Eddy at tackle, and Snead, another of the newer backfield men. It must be remembered that perfect execution, which of course means exact timing, and wonderful ball handling, marked this Nassau uprising. The coaches would say that everything was "clicking." And every man who went in for Princeton came right up to the level of his predecessors. Requardt, for instance, has never played such football in his life before.

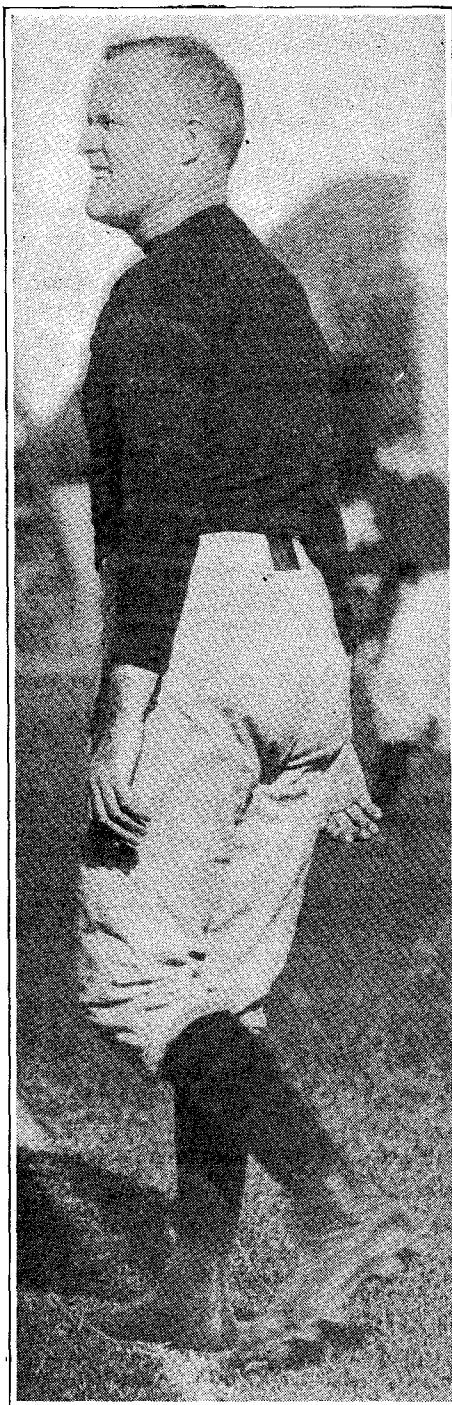
Princeton was splendidly equipped on the line, Barfield at one tackle, and Captain Howe at center, turning in the

best games of their careers. But especially strong on the ends were the Tigers, with Lawler and Stinson, veterans who could neither be foxed nor knocked off their feet. I have always liked Princeton's conception of end play better than Yale's. When the Blue has not sheer genius at hand the ends are likely to be weak. Yale attempted to stop the passing game by going into the six and five defense, which I have explained already, and which I do not like against a team with such a hard running game as Princeton's. It might have been better to take a few risks on the passes and rely on individual defense, in order to strengthen the first line of defense against such powerful forwards as the Tigers had at command. That is a matter of opinion, of course, in which I admit that I am at variance with several coaches whose opinions I respect highly. At all events the six and five did not work for Yale.

It is interesting to note in this connection that one of Princeton's most effective passes, one that made long gains, was in pattern almost exactly like a pass with which the Elis beat the Tigers many years ago. One wonders why the Yale players were not taught to expect it. The coaches must have known that Princeton had it. Scouting was unnecessary to get an excellent idea of the type of attack Roper would work out for his big game. Any one who has followed his experiments since the war with various forms of attack should have been able to keep step with him in the progress of his play design. The Yale players were obviously at a loss what to do with the massive Miles when he took up the work of the "man in motion," in which he was savagely effective. And Wittmer's "cut-back" runs were also practically impossible to stop. However, there is some excuse for that, as Wittmer will gain ground against anybody. It was indeed a strong and brilliant backfield the Tigers turned out.

I did not begin to check up on Norman's generalship until the game was well along, or indeed the generalship when he was not running the team. When it came to the second touchdown, it seemed to me that Requardt could have been sent wide on the very first down, so bewildered was the Yale defense. But apparently the Princeton idea was to pack up the Yale line with two plunges, so as to make the sweep run practically a certainty. One won-

dered at the sluggishness of the Tigers in the first quarter when Yale was going strong, flung back twice on the verge of touchdowns. But Yale had not the versatility of attack that Princeton had, by a margin of about 100 per cent. The play design was not impressive, especially in the case of the forward



COACH ROPER

dered at the sluggishness of the Tigers in the first quarter when Yale was going strong, flung back twice on the verge of touchdowns. But Yale had not the versatility of attack that Princeton had, by a margin of about 100 per cent. The play design was not impressive, especially in the case of the forward

pass, which is a wonder, for with Prichard on the coaching staff at New Haven, something better than was actually attempted should have come off at least once or twice.

Again in the course of the Princeton generalship I wondered why so many

of the pass plays were reserved for the obvious third down, when it was early apparent that Yale had no pass defense worthy the name. But it seemed to be the Tiger theory that the passes were there to be mixed in as much as possible—literally built into the attack—which all modern coaches worth their salt henceforth will proceed to do. Princeton has proved what a few of us have known right along that both the forward and the lateral pass could be made as much a regular and frequent part of the attack as the slants and drives. Thus built into the assault and with perfect execution, they give a team a confidence that seems almost beyond measure. That is the sort of confidence the Tigers had.

Without offering any alibis, which Mal Stevens and Tad Jones and their aids would never do, it was unfortunate that Decker, for instance, and perhaps Hoben could not serve their full time in action. For the little time that Decker was in he was a powerful clear-out man, performing the same job as last year, for which I have always felt that this fine football player has never received adequate credit.

There was a feature of the game that impresses me considerably. With all due respect to the purely professional coaches who have no other temperamental outlet than the business of athletics, it may or may not be significant that this all but perfect attack was put on by a man to whom football is the least of his life interests. Being a crusader in Philadelphia politics, where crusaders travel a rocky road, keeping up with the law, and looking out for large insurance interests, Bill Roper has his time pretty well filled. Add to that playing golf at Pinehurst with "Shep" Homans whenever he can get away, and most men would call it a pretty full year. Perhaps, too, not everybody knows just how deep in the councils of Princeton University this man has driven his dynamic personality. Apparently, if Roper is a sample, up to date football does not suffer from being taught by a man of really exacting outside interests. I never heard him balk at a new rule. All he says is: "Well, here's the game we have to play. Come on, let's play it." And proceeds to do so. Roper can be savage in his criticism when the need is present, but just the same he maintains at Princeton as happy a coaching family as I have seen anywhere. And he "knows his stuff."

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

A Running Commentary

IT IS POSSIBLE for us to enjoy, this week, at one and the same time, the charms of the common cold, and of a few recent books.

A Little Less Than Gods by Ford Madox Ford (Viking Press) and Yet Do Not Grieve by Conal O'Riordan (Scribners) have a background in common. Mr. Ford's happiest venture into the past, except that journey, "Romance," which he and Conrad made together, was with "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes," an ironical tale of the Middle Ages, written when Ford was younger and Hueffer. It is worth having, if you can find a copy at a second hand shop. It must have been out of print for some years. This new book is brilliant. Mr. Ford cannot manage to be anything else except in his fore-words which we wish he would not write. But it is slight, an expanded short story, introduced by vivid word pictures of Napoleon's landing from Elba on those sands at Juan les Pins where now young aesthetes lip and languish and get sunburned, (oh, to be in that sunshine now) and his progress through Provence, where regiment after regiment, sent down to arrest him, fell at his feet, and changed their white cockades for tricolors. The story proper centers around Marshall Ney and his brave and lovely wife, Frejus and Assheton Smith, who financed the Hundred Days, George Fielding, a hero-worshipping English lad, Madame de Frejus and the Corsican, Vivario. With historic fact as a springboard, the story leaps into fiction for an exciting climax, beautifully written and infinitely moving. "Yet Do Not Grieve" is a long, solid book, written with ease and yet with deep feeling. It is the story of David Tyrconnell Quinn, Irish by his father, Quaker English by his mother; of his love for Ruth, which began when they were twelve, of his schooling in London and his friendship for Tony Dazincourt, through whom he met the Princess Charlotte and learned a good deal more than we have ever known about the court of England under the Regency. And it tells, further, of how David was heartened and enriched by his Quaker contact, and made sadder and wiser by his Bank of Eng-

land contact, and how the Princess loved him, but he would not be a mor-ganatic husband, loving Ruth as he did, and how he and Tony fought at

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantom's Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company;

Fiction

The Hounds of God, by Rafael Sabatini: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. This story of the Armada and the Inquisition, a kidnapped girl and a brave hero, is not one of Sabatini's best, but, as usual, the historical background is good. Reviewed November 21.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

The Jealous Gods. By Gertrude Atherton: Horace Liveright. The background of this story of Alcibiades and Athens is accurate and detailed. The story itself is dramatic enough in plot but a little heavy in the telling. Reviewed last week.

The Children. By Edith Wharton: Appleton. This excellent novel about the sad fate of the children of the easily and often divorced is one of Mrs. Wharton's best. Reviewed Sept. 26.

Point Counter Point. By Aldous Huxley: Doubleday, Doran. The story of a varied group of London's semi-intellectuals. It is very long and complicated, but a brilliant piece of work. Reviewed November 21.

Non-Fiction

The Buck in the Snow, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper's. The latest work of our most popular poetess will delight most readers although it may disappoint the more critical among Miss Millay's admirers. Reviewed Oct. 31.

Rasputin. By R. Fulop-Miller: Viking Press. This extraordinary story reads like fiction and gives a fine picture of the czarist society in the last stage of its collapse. Bibliography and illustrations are good. Reviewed November 14.

Jubilee Jim. By Robert H. Fuller: Macmillan. Colonel James Fisk, Jr., one of Wall Street's most picturesque characters, done in full-length portrait. To be reviewed later.

Disraeli. By Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles: Appleton. You will enjoy this charming and vivid portrait. Reviewed Feb. 22.

Meet General Grant. By W. E. Woodward: Liveright. The story of one of America's famous generals by the biographer of Washington. To be reviewed later.

Waterloo, and David emerged a Geule Cassée, a term not then invented, and of how he accepted his fate. There is a persistent use of symbolism in this book, the only thing that we did not

like. It was hardly necessary for the author to turn to the Divine Plan to explain his rather frequent use of coincidence in the construction of his plot. Possibly it is the Irish of him that would like the symbolism so much. Conal O'Riordan is a good historical novelist, a rare thing. It takes a little courage for a writer who combines an observant interest in character, a strong poetic imagination, sincerity of purpose and creative gifts to risk them all on the dubious rewards of historical fiction—(we are not referring to money)—A man who can write such a horrifying description of a battle and a field hospital as there is in "Yet Do Not Grieve" might have aspired to hear himself acclaimed as a realist. We intend keeping our review copy of this book. And we think that readers who have enjoyed James Boyd's books will like it. It is not like them—we do not make any comparisons at all. But it reconstructs an era with the same breadth and truth.

The White Crow by Philip MacDonald, and The Slype by Russell Thorndike, are both published, as are, despite Van Dines and Crime Clubs, most of the best detective stories by Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. Mrs. Gethryn, who married the only slightly silly Anthony after he had solved the mystery of The Rasp, was fortunately called away to France on the very day that Lines-Bower (late Leinz-Bauer) was found in his palatial office in pink satin underwear with his whistlegiff or whiffletree or whatever is the fine old English word for windpipe slit from ear to ear. So Anthony, evidently become uxorious, was free to find what was hidden beneath the White Crow's innocent exterior and bring two fiendish murderers to justice. All that and the comical misuse of what MacDonald believes to be American slang make a highly diverting book. The Slype is a different matter. Here the author is less interested in making his plot complicated than in making his people amusing. He has selected for the scene of mysterious disappearances, kidnapping, smuggling, attempted murder and so forth an English cathedral close and the surrounding parish. One has to know only a little about such a milieu to realize its pos-

sibilities for comedy and character sketch. Good use has been made of them. An exciting story told in a pleasant narrative style with considerable skill, and a whole portfolio of Dickensian characters, drawn against a rich background make *The Slype* an almost perfect piece of light fiction. It is long, too, so that one dares let himself go in reading it, confident that he is not going to turn an innocent looking page and fall headlong into *Finis*.

We have now fallen, ourselves, into a sad lethargic fever, not helped by *Whither Mankind*, a symposium—nay “*A Panorama of Modern Civilization*” edited by Charles A. Beard (Longmans) wherein Van Loon, Dewey, Lewis Mumford, the Webbs, Bertrand Russell, Havelock Ellis, George Dorsey, Emil Ludwig, James Harvey Robinson, and others ponder upon the direction in which materialism is taking us. Just lately there has been much wondering about the state of civilization’s health. Why need we worry so much about it? In the cycles of Time other civilizations have risen, flourished, declined and disappeared. Why not ours? We cannot imagine ourselves dead so we believe in immortality. We cannot imagine our cities fallen, our altars unvisited, our politics ridiculed, the pronunciation of our words forgotten. So we believe that our civilization must endure forever. *Whither Mankind*, whither away?

Take a good dose of Castor Oil, rub the chest and throat with Vick’s Vaporub (advt.) and go to bed. Fever, Useful Knowledge for a fever Useful Knowledge, Gertrude Stein, two rivers, running commentary, and two rivers of manhattan and any one wishing to add a river can add one and becoming a hard cold a cold river and it pays to use gauze for handkerchiefs and two rivers running and payson and clark as the english say clerk sells packerchief handkerchief and any one wishing to add a germ can add one german american and a fine intellect but not the germ of creative ability and a fine intellect and any one wishing to add a word can add one and a picture she got her ideas from a pic-

ture and any one wishing to add an idea can add one. (Useful knowledge by Gertrude Stein: Payson and Clarke; read by us during delirium; a beautifully made book, and we will read it again and try to write about it when in our right mind) Good reading for colds if not too many aspirates, aspirin, aaaaaachooo.

Orientalia

The Soul of China. By Richard Wilhelm: Harcourt, Brace.

Oriental and Occidental Culture. By Maurice Parmelee: The Century.

The Pilgrimage of Buddhism. By James B. Pratt: MacMillan.

THESE three authors have a common attribute—they have been teachers and writers of school books, but Dr. Wilhelm and Dr. Parmelee have both

and many inland places in China. He speaks, reads, writes Chinese, while his “*Pekinger Abende*” was a perpetual source of pleasure to those fortunate enough to receive it. Dr. Wilhelm has, therefore, proved himself both through his study and his writing as a man familiar with not only the fact but the spirit of Oriental life and culture. One turns to his new book with anticipation.

His volume of twenty chapters dealing with the newer aspects of ageold problems of life and government is descriptive of places visited, problems encountered, and rendered alluringly interesting by reason of the continual reference to Chinese records of art, of literature, of religious ideals and sentiments. There is an absence of personal conceit, of the usual traveler superficiality and of the Western autocratic habit of supercilious contempt for things not quite on all fours with the writer’s own home-town Main Street aspect of affairs and events. This renders his book charming and from many angles fascinating. The chapters upon “*The Temples in Yunkang*,” “*The Missionaries in China*,” and “*The Web of Life*” are outstanding in interpretative passages. Especially the terribly true statements contained in the final passages of the chapter on Yunkang describing the vitality of the peasant life in China and its capacity to absorb emigrants and melt the heterogeneous hordes into

the harmonious entity known as China. Truly Lao-tze wrote:

All things in turmoil arise,
Remain quiet and looking watch
How all returns whence it came.

Peasant soldiers return to agriculture. Habit reasserts itself.

Dr. Pratt has made two tours of the Orient, one in 1913-4 and a second in 1923-4, both made in Sabbatical years. Both periods were industriously spent, but, if the list of persons seen is to be taken as an index of the sources of his information and research, it would appear that there is a predilection for missionary clergymen and Westerners teaching in the Orient, rather than citi-



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

WINTER EVENING

Etching by Harold Denison

seen foreign service as officials of their own countries’ Governments. But only Dr. Wilhelm has really studied and lived in the Orient, and it is doubtful if Dr. Pratt and Dr. Parmelee have any deep knowledge of Oriental language, and if not, much of their information will be of the hearsay character, dependent on the interpretation of other minds.

Dr. Wilhelm, of Frankfort University and the Oriental School of Germany, has resided twenty-five years in the extreme Orient, during which time he was an official of the German Legation at Peking and a professor at the National University of China in the same city. His work and researches took him to Japan, Korea, Manchuria

zens of the Asiatic states visited. It may not be unfair to say, however, that this was necessary as he was not acquainted with Oriental languages. But in Japan he did meet some of the most learned students of religion, such as Dr. Masaharu Anesaki. There are two points in Dr. Pratt's book which attract attention. First, the absence of any comment upon Tibet, Mongolia and Nepaul Buddhism, upon searching for the reason it is found in a few lines in the introduction and this was deliberate—because "The form of religion . . . is so mixed with non-Buddhist elements." But is not every religion as preached and presented to the faithful of this character? Has not every religion in the flight of time become incrustated with elements and thoughts not in accordance with its pristine presentation and promulgation. Perhaps we are nearer the truth when we suggest that being unacquainted with Tibetan dialects, Mongolian and Tungusic writings, prevented any sustained or detailed comment on the forms of the Buddhist faith as used in these areas.

Again we are informed in the preface that "it seemed necessary to me to confine myself to the Hinayana and the Mahayana;" while the paper wrapping of the outside cover states that particular attention is given to the Mahayana, to which very few books in the West pay serious attention. By way of comment it may be said that Sir Charles Eliot's 3 volumes on Hinduism and Buddhism; that Rhys Davis, Monier Williams, not to mention the German and French savants, and the many articles in Western Encyclopædias, seem to indicate that this statement must not be taken too seriously. Again it is curious on consulting the index not to find the words Mahayana and Hinayana listed, nor indeed is there any reference to the Pali Canon or any mention in English words of the greater or lesser vehicle.

Like Eliot's book on Buddhism, Dr. Pratt comments on the pilgrimage of Buddhism as he saw it in India, Ceylon, Siam, Cambodia, China, Korea and Japan, giving in some detail the particular thought presentation in each of these areas as offered by the many sects. This is interesting, especially the remarks and comments of Dr. Pratt upon the lapses in logic of the priests in defining their particular attitude, but after all, is any religion narrowly logical?

Dr. Parmelee was born in Constantinople, it appears, and since

spending the early years of his life in European Turkey, he has spent much time as an educator in America, and was for a short time apparently a Consul in Berlin and served during the War in London as an official of the War Trade Board; then in 1925-26 he made an extended tour of India, China and Japan. His book deals with this journey, indicating much note-taking, from which deductions and comments flow. But through which there continually peeps the mental outlook and equipment which continuous teaching gives. Dr. Parmelee is still the Instructor, drilling his class, using the comparative method of instruction, seldom assembling facts for the purpose of interpretative presentation. Hence there is no new or original presentation of facts or incidents, and perhaps too much dependence on Western methods and ideals as a guide as to what the Orient ought to be and should do, indicating an inability to appreciate the situation, that if Asia meekly adopted the somewhat dull mechanized and monotonous standardized Western form of life, that there would be fewer areas in the world to escape from it. The revolt of youth, the revolt of Islam, the refusal of China to be bound by European powers and their ideals, seems to have escaped him as a definite revolt from deadening monotony of standardized production, standardized homes, standardized manners and perhaps even standardized food. A Mongolian once asked me if America had yet produced a standardized baby.

His book, nonetheless, as a kind of *tour de force* will be of much interest to teachers and students in correcting many absurdities which the unobservant and untrained minds of the literary tourist have spread amongst us, because it displays the presence of a critical faculty as not only developing but already permeated with a wide experience; the book indicates a range of reading and acquired knowledge which his power of criticism has hammered and refined into concise form and precise statement.

BOYD CARPENTER

The Tale of Genji. By Lady Murasaki. A novel in four volumes: I. The Tale of Genji. II. The Sacred Tree. III. A Wreath of Cloud. IV. Blue Trousers. Translated by Arthur Waley. Houghton, Mifflin.

AMERICANS are used to reading European literature in translation, but a Japanese work is a rarity. In recent years a few pieces of Oriental poetry have reached us. These in a

more or less scholarly way we have noted with passing interest; occasionally we have learned a strange name and an odd count of syllables, such as belong to these mysterious verse forms. And now we have a great novel of the East.

"The Tale of Genji" was apparently written in the early Eleventh Century. It is a novel—in our best modern sense of the word. The whole interest of the book centers in the personality and in the outward events of the life of the central figure. The author develops the tale from a psychological standpoint, and the creations of her imagination move against a picturesque historical background.

The story is simple. Genji is one of the Emperor's illegitimate sons; his personal charm makes him the favorite of them all. When he is twelve years old he is married to Lady Aoi, daughter of the Minister of the Left. This is a very unhappy arrangement. Shortly after, Genji falls in love with Rokujo, a widow who is eight years older than he. Her jealousy of his lawful wife makes this an unhappy arrangement, also. Except for accounts of political intrigue and mention of events that depend upon local customs, from this point on the novel does little more than exploit the further adventures of Genji as he turns to one and another woman for consolation. Of them all, Suyetsumu, "the lady with the red nose," is the most interesting. She presents the problem of pure fascination, with which even recognized ugliness is unable to cope.

The themes which bind together these varied episodes are, on the other hand, not so simple. Japanese customs of both social and religious natures shape many of the events of the story. The characters act on a stage constructed by an elaborate political system. People wither away and die through the operation of an uncontrollable force that springs from jealousy and bitter hatred. And then, too, an allowance must be made in interpreting certain actions that result in a nation where polygamy is accepted. The book does present confusing aspects, but in the main it appeals to the American novel-reading temperament.

Being something different from a fairy story that deals with an unreal but supposedly human being who lives in a hollow tree, this is a sympathetic study of real life. We are too apt to

(Please Turn to Page 1299)

Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

ALTHOUGH doubtless few wives will agree, it is true, nevertheless, that the last person qualified to write a man's life is his widow, because she knows, as a rule, either too much or too little about him, too much that is irrelevant, too little that is important. In the perspective of domesticity the human character does not appear in the true proportions of nature, in the proportions, that is to say, in which the world in general sees us. The portrait will of necessity be distorted by affection or malice, since it is born of a situation which betrays two people into each other's hands to a degree fortunately unparalleled in any other human relationship.

It was with some such thought in my mind that I opened "The Early Life of Thomas Hardy" (Macmillan), by Florence Emily Hardy, and I hasten to say that my general feeling on this subject has not in the least detracted from the interest and pleasure with which I have read Mrs. Hardy's account of her husband's life from 1840 to 1891. This can never be the "definitive" biography of Hardy, but it must always be an invaluable source of material for future critics and biographers. In the first place, it is very largely made up of extracts from Hardy's own note-books, diaries and letters; in the second, it makes no pretensions to giving more than a chronological outline of his life, and the manuscript was read and revised by Hardy before his death.

The fifty years traversed are those which carry his story from his birth to the publication of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," the book which, in the closing words of Mrs. Hardy, "notwithstanding its exceptional popularity, was the beginning of the end of his career as a novelist." Only in this retrospect, with its year to year account of people and events, does one clearly realize how definitely Hardy was a survivor of the Victorian period, so remote seems the world in which his formative and early creative years were spent. His peculiar position in English literature must therefore be estimated in terms of his revolt against the conventions of that period.

Not that Hardy is seen anywhere in these pages as the professional rebel. On the contrary, his life was passed in the quiet of uneventful ease, and his

nonconformity was instinctive rather than deliberate. He was born in relatively easy circumstances and his choice of a career was not dictated to any extent by economic necessity. He practiced architecture, had vague ambitions to write poetry, and decided to write fiction, which he afterwards abandoned and almost repudiated, convinced in the end that poetry was his true *métier*. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that as early as 1875 his imagination was haunted by the idea which subsequently took shape in "The Dynasts." He first began to write verse in 1866, but with little hope of having his things published. When one editor rejected them, he laid them aside. "That he paid such respect to their judgment as scarcely ever to send out a ms. twice, was in one feature fortunate for him, since in years long after he was able to examine those poems of which he kept copies, and by the mere change of a few words or the rewriting of a line or two make them quite worthy of publication."

Hardy's decision to try his hand at fiction was made in 1867, when he began a novel called "The Poor Man and the Lady." The following year he submitted the manuscript to the august firm of Macmillan, which resulted in his receiving a highly encouraging letter from Alexander Macmillan, and an opinion from John Morley, who spoke of it as "a very curious and original performance," and added: "if the man is young he has stuff and purpose in him." It was not, however, a novel which Macmillan would publish, so Hardy took it to Chapman and Hall.

CHAPMAN and Hall were willing to publish the book, if Hardy would guarantee £20 against loss. This was agreed to and Hardy departed in the belief that the matter was settled. Fate, however, intervened in the shape of George Meredith, Chapman and Hall's reader, who warned him that this socialistic work would get him into trouble, and that he would be foolish to embark on his career with such a millstone about his neck. "The story was, in fact, a sweeping dramatic satire of the squirearchy and nobility, London

society, the vulgarity of the middle class, modern Christianity, church restoration, and political and domestic morals in general, the author's views, in fact, being obviously those of a young man with a passion for reforming the world."

If Meredith saved him from this, he inspired him with the idea of writing a novel with a "sensational" plot, which resulted in "Desperate Remedies." This work was rejected by Macmillan, but strange to say, Hardy did not then offer it to Chapman and Hall, where Meredith would certainly have given it his special attention. Instead he offered it to that strange character amongst Victorian publishers, Tinsley, who was also to sponsor (for a consideration, no doubt) the first novel of George Moore. Tinsley charged Hardy £75 for the privilege of becoming the author of an anonymous three volume novel, which was favorably reviewed by the "Athenæum" and "Morning Post," but was flayed and killed by the "Spectator." Three hundred and seventy copies out of an edition of five hundred were sold, and the author received £60 out of his £75. "From these figures," says Mrs. Hardy maliciously, "Hardy, who did not examine them closely, found that after all he had only lost his labor and £15 in money—and was much gratified thereby."

THUS began the career as a novelist which was to win for Hardy an enduring place in English literature, but which he seems all his life to have regarded with reluctance. The account of his troubles with "Tess" gives one an idea of the problems which confronted him. He had to doctor the manuscript for serial publication, and it was actually objected that it was indelicate for a man to carry three girls across a flooded lane. He accordingly had them wheeled in wheelbarrows! Possibly it was the thought of escaping from that kind of imbecile interference which turned Hardy more and more in the direction of poetry. After 1891 he published "Jude the Obscure," the equal of "Tess," two volumes of short stories, and "The Well-Beloved," and these conclude the canon of his prose writings. They are, it seems to me, a more substantial monument to his fame than his poetry, moving as that often is.

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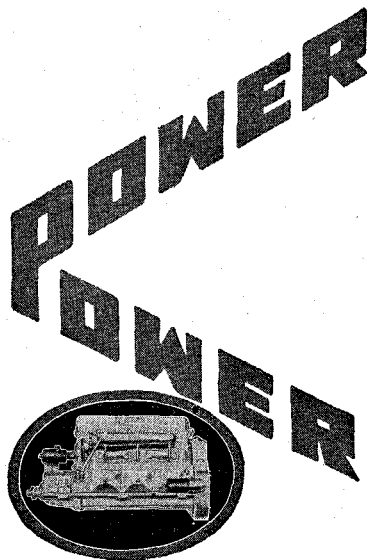
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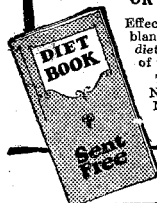
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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Elsa Barker's
The Cobra Candlestick
Sears

Somebody busted Mr. Marshbitter over the head with that old prop of the detective-fictioneers—the heavy blunt instrument. Yes, he was sitting in his library, and although the nearby landscape was fairly crawling with friends and relatives, nobody heard a sound or saw a sign of the murderer. Then in came the amateur sleuth—rather dumb, this one; and after that we got sort of mixed up. We guess the plot is all right, but we couldn't seem to get excited about it. We've read so many detective yarns lately that we have to have our suspense drawn pretty taut, and the rubber in this one was weak. Still, it has a map of the scene of the crime that you may like to puzzle over.

S. Boyd Darling's
You and the Law
Appleton

Here is a handy and compact layman's guide to legal matters which should be of considerable value. It is put in simple question and answer form, stripped of the intricate legal verbiage that so confuses and maddens the average person, and covers the questions most frequently asked of lawyers concerning ordinary domestic civil and business rights and obligations. There is a layman's law dictionary, a subject index, and an occupational index.

Prof. Jerry Thomas's
The Bon Vivant's Companion,
or How to Mix Drinks
Knopf

Opening this volume at random, we read the following: "None-Such Punch. Six bottles of claret, 6 bottles of soda water, one bottle of brandy, one bottle of sherry, 1/2 pint green tea, juice of 3 lemons, 1/2 pineapple cut in small pieces. Sweeten with white sugar to taste. Strain and bottle immediately. Keep for one month before using. This is a delicious and safe drink for a mixed evening party." We closed the book—keeping our finger in the place—and lay back and mused. That is the way this book should be read: read one recipe, then lie back and muse. Unless of course you have a pre-war cellar beneath you. Otherwise—well, we think this one excerpt is enough to show you the book's quality. It is not to be taken lightly, to be read at a sitting, but rather to be dipped into and pondered thoughtfully. Herbert Asbury's introductory sketch

of the life of Prof. Thomas, once bartender at the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, will also repay thoughtful consideration, and should certainly be included in any series which aims to inspire youth by recounting the lives of famous Americans. The pictures—excepting of course the portraits of famous bartenders, are in lighter vein, yet all are inspired by a high moral purpose. We recommend the volume unreservedly. It is one which no gentleman's library, etc.

Lynn Brock's
The Slip-Carriage Mystery
Harper's

Who slew Sir William Ireland with a jack-knife in the first-class compartment of a railway carriage? The first half of the story is taken up by the evidence given by all the witnesses who had even the most remote connection with the case; the second, by the activities of Colonel Gore, in his effort to solve it. That first half is slow reading for any but the most tireless mystery fan, but the second is exciting, and the cleverness of the good Colonel, in sifting false and contradictory evidence until the truth is visible, is amazing. We have met Colonel Gore before, and he may always be counted on to provide a well knit and interesting tale.

Louis Forgiione's
The Men of Silence
Dutton

In spite of a good deal of flowery verbiage this is an extremely interesting and exciting fictionalized account of how three Italian detectives, working entirely alone, broke up the Camorra, a tremendous criminal organization which had its ramifications in all levels of Neapolitan society, and in face of opposition and obstruction of every kind, from the authorities as well as from the underworld, brought its leaders to justice. The Camorra, as pictured here, makes the criminal gangs of detective fiction look like groups of children playing at burglar in the backyard. We found this book particularly interesting after all the mystery tales which find their way in increasing numbers to our desk. We don't know how you feel about it, but every little while after following about so many crimes from the cross marking the spot to the culprit himself we begin to lose our faith in detective stories.

Our Truant Professors

(Continued from Page 1269)

His students carried his ideas out of the classroom and lived with them about the fraternity firesides for weeks; his courses were debating rooms where every student gave and took freely; his subject, often a cold and dead one, lived and glowed in the fire he brought to it. When students doubted the feasibility of their own self-government institution he fixed firm their ideals. The verandah at his rooming-house was the haunt of students; when he finally went to bed it was only after the last student had left his room late at night.

And what happened? He was sought by deans and administrative officers for the chairmanship of this committee and that; he was called out into the State wherever an alumni group wanted a meeting; he was thrown into the front of one struggle or another; his time was taken from his teaching and given to work which but for his presence in it would have been the sheerest of routine. And now I've only just heard that he is slated for administrative work, having been given charge of one of the important divisions of the university. And with this new work the students will lose him; his genius for teaching and guidance will be turned into formal channels. Oh, of course it is a promotion, but it is the sort of promotion which eats the heart out the university by robbing the student for the aggrandizement of the institution.

And these extra-curricular activities—whatever they may be—are enticing. Their successful performance points the way surely to academic promotion, brings in extra money to be added to the moderate salary, and fits in with that present-day curse of "service" rendered to a tax-paying people that these people in turn may see the wisdom of increased appropriations for the State institution. The administrative psychology under all this seems to be—in private and State institutions alike though more definitely in State-supported universities—"the people pay the taxes or give us our endowment; our institutional budget is dependent upon popular appeal; therefore we must rob Student Peter to pay Taxpayer Paul." And the circle is especially vicious since it weakens the main show to develop the side attractions. In "carrying the university to the State"—to borrow the jargon of the extension divisions—the professor has gone with it and is there in body and, often, in soul. We have traded a Sumner for a Billy Phelps.

(Please Turn to Page 1297)

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▶▶ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◀◀

AT THE American Designers' Gallery we gazed the other day upon an exhibition of the work of fifteen American designers which aims at synthesizing the efforts of artists in various mediums toward the production of some sort of a modern standard in decoration. The co-operation of various manufacturers in the exhibition seemed to us interesting, and an indication that whether we like it or not we are going to have more and more to take modern decorative ideas into account. Personally, when they are not distorted, freakish and self-consciously "different," we like these ideas. We have looked at the old forms until they mean nothing to us. A new presentation of a chair or table, provided it be esthetically pleasing, cannot but stimulate us.

The picture which we show you is a corner of a man's room done in tulip wood, pig-skin, cork and aluminum. The walls are of cork, the ceiling of aluminum. The table is of metal with a vitrolite top. There is a small bar in one corner, and a roulette wheel on a table at the side. We noticed that every man that came into the room first held up the bottles on the bar to the light to see if there was anything in them, and then went over and gave the wheel a few spins. Over the emotions which careful observation led us to believe animated these persons we draw the veil of reticence. Our companion made that aged remark, trite and true: "You can't change human nature." To which we sententiously replied: "Indeed you cannot. But some hold that it is a noble experiment to try to change it." And then we went on and looked at the bathroom, and wished that we had had a colored tub like that when we were at prep school, so we wouldn't have had to scrub it out after using. But still we do kinda like white tubs and basins. You feel somehow more secure. We did like the recessed ash tray over the tub, though. We have long intended

By W. R. BROOKS

designing a bathroom. Over the tub will be a reading light and a small bookshelf, containing the more abstruse books that we have always wanted to read. Spengler, for instance, is an ideal tub book. Too hard to read him

American decorators, and dazzle you with some of the patter we have absorbed in tramping galleries in your behalf, but somehow we thought you wouldn't like that. There's a form of the heebie jeebies art patter always gives us—a sort of exhibition blues—and we wouldn't care to pass it on to you.

And next week we'll show you another room from this show.

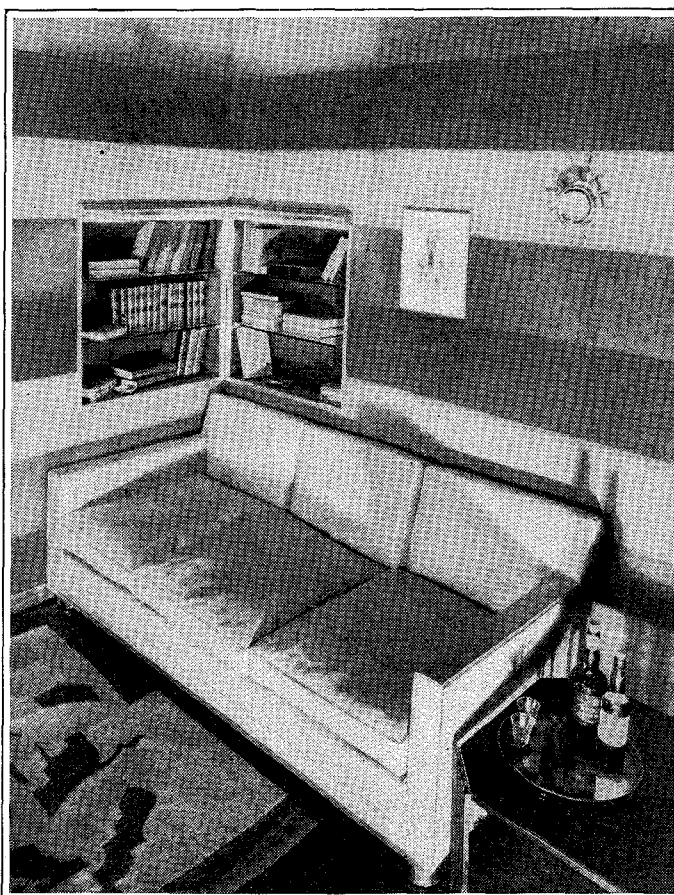
THERE'S a new type multiple electrical plug you mayn't have seen. It connects at the outlet with the usual plug from which runs a single wire to the four-way outlet. This latter is a flat circular box finished in lacquer red, mahogany, walnut, jade green or black, which has on top openings into which the plugs may be inserted. It may for instance be placed on the table and four separate electric candles plugged in. It's neat and unobtrusive.

A NEW INDOOR GAME for golfers called Put-Well is an inclined plane at the upper end of which and at varying distances from the bottom are holes. The little flags in the holes automatically register your score, and the balls return to a trough where a foot lever releases them again for play. Personally, these indoor

adaptations of outdoor games fatigue us excessively; we'd rather have a good rousing bout of Lotto.

LISTEN, we know where you can get those swell, large, rather soft-shelled pecans in burlap bags—five pounds for \$4, ten pounds for \$7.50—only you have to order before December 15 if you want 'em by Christmas.

WHEN TRAVELING with a baby, whether your own or someone else's, you might like the portable overnight refrigerator—an oblong metal case holding eight 8-oz. bottles and a removable ice container.



Courtesy American Designers' Gallery

CORNER OF A MAN'S ROOM

Designed by Donald Deskey

in the living room, with the latest thriller at your elbow, and the chance that the phone may ring any minute. But in the tub, you have the choice between reading him and pondering on your sins. It's pleasanter to read. And reading fifteen minutes a day you'll have finished him in a month and can thereafter be very impressive at dinner parties.

We hope you don't mind our rambling on this way. We felt that this show deserved quite a bit of space, and that perhaps just rambling was the best way to fill it. Of course, if you'd rather, we can talk about the influence of foreign *décor* on these

Our Truant Professors

(Continued from Page 1295)

I am as ready as any one to admit that there is good in research, that publication and public lecturing have definite value, that it is a fine thing to apply the theories taught at college to the practical benefit of the State. It is not my wish to deny the obvious.

But my interest is in the student back there on the campus who has worked hard for his chance at a college education under the impression that it is something sacred, whose parents have perhaps sacrificed greatly to put him there, or, even more, in that keen young fellow now and then found on every campus who wants to drink deep at the Pierian spring—and finds that it has gone dry through the piping off of the waters into other channels. For such as these I bow my head when I think of the ballyhoo of education today, an education which takes the professor from his legitimate duties of teaching simply that his institution may make sacrifices before the Juggernaut of popularity and administrative aggrandizement.

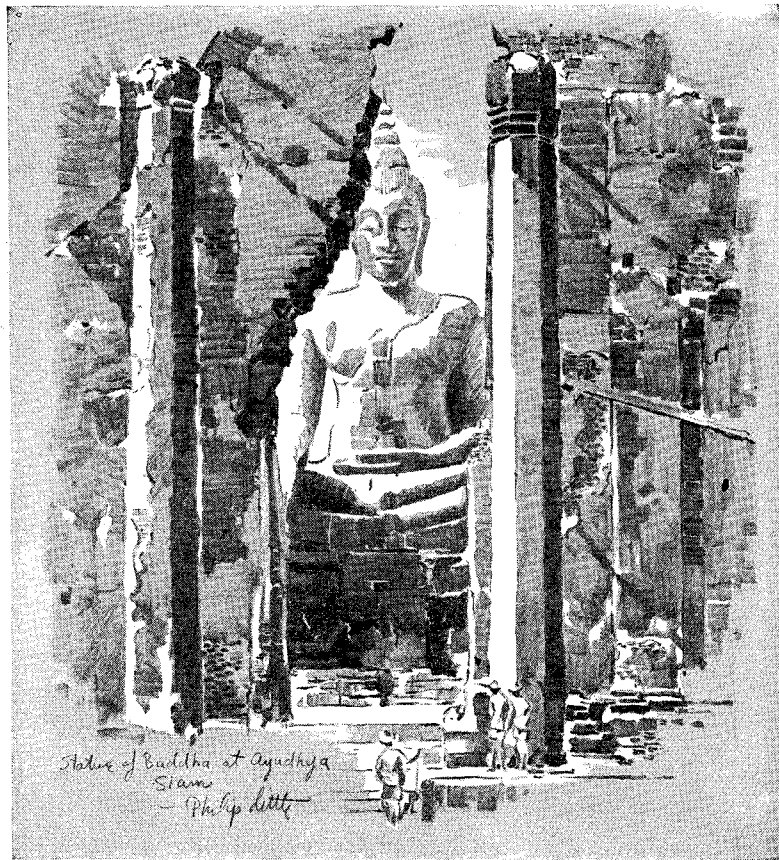
What is essential to change all this? A new and real recognition of the importance of teaching. Students, parents, taxpayers, and endowment subscribers should insist on this as the prime service an educational institution can render. By way of practical recommendations which may offer a beginning toward this emphasis on good teaching, I should suggest:

1. That every institution provide from two to ten superprofessorships carrying at least a thousand dollars in excess of the usual salary scale and that these professorships be awarded to only one type of instructor—the man pre-eminent *as a teacher*. (This will not, of course, work a revolution, but it will serve to encourage the man who resents selling himself out to the usual program and make him feel that he holds a valued place in the machine.)

2. That so far as possible an undergraduate faculty be built up of men who are not scornful of “the undergraduate mind” because of their prime interest in research. (This does not mean necessarily a separation of graduate from undergraduate faculty, but it does call for a *voluntary* undergraduate staff.)

3. That administrators and department heads in employing new instructors take at least as much cognizance of a man's teaching power as of his publicity value to the institution.

(Please Turn to Page 1304)



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Apropos the Modern Music

By EUGENE BONNER

A CONCERT of modern music given last week by the Pro Musica organization and the impression left by the program of that occasion on at least one hearer gives rise to reflections not altogether encouraging.

We all know that the musical public of America (and by America is meant these United States) was slower than that of any other country to take up to any degree the music known as modern. By modern music we don't mean the music of Strauss, Debussy and others of the post-romantic period, but that large and not to be ignored output of the younger school, which drew a great deal of its inspiration from that revolutionary composition of Igor Stravinsky, "Le Sacré du Printemps," a work heard for the first time in Paris in the spring of 1913.

Now that particular work took nearly ten years to cross the Atlantic, as the musical public of New York had steadily evinced such out and out hostility towards the new school of musical expression that neither the conductors of the more important orchestral organizations nor individual artists deemed it wise to attempt to impose the works of that school upon their subscribing or non-subscribing publics.

Of course the four years of the War had not a little to do with their attitude, as the more influential members of the advisory boards of the larger organizations (boards composed largely of non-professional music lovers of high social standing who have, or did have, a great deal to say) were unable to go abroad to hear the new compositions and to see for themselves the reception accorded them when presented, as contrary to the general impression, a good deal of music was written in Europe during that most dismal period.

Then again some of the most influential of the New York music critics, notably Mr. Kreihbel of the "Tribune" and Mr. Aldrich of the "Times," resolutely opposed anything that savored of the revolutionary type of work which has now in many cases come to be accepted without a murmur—well, almost without a murmur, by the critics and public of the present day. Perhaps it is more than a coincidence that with the death of one of the above-mentioned writers and the

resignation of the other, modern music began to take its place on the programs of the more important organizations of this city.

Now that the new music has arrived and that beyond any doubt, the question arises: what are we going to do with it? Personally we are, and always have been, sympathetic to this modern school, but sympathetic or not, we must admit that much of the vast and well-nigh overpowering amount of stuff that is now pouring forth has to our mind precious little connection with genuine music.

We all know that the era of composition in the romantic and post-romantic style has passed, and a composer who writes in the present day and does not employ the modern idiom has not a chance in the world of being seriously considered.

On the other hand we are in an age of experiments, which is all very well in its way, but dreadfully hard on present-day composers. The sensation of yesterday is old stuff today and will not even be played tomorrow.

But even taking all that into consideration we must say we can see no reason why a long-suffering, paying public should be asked to listen to the dismal and amateurish experiments that are now being foisted upon it in the name of modern music. Fully nine tenths of such compositions should never be allowed to get farther than the student-composers' concert rooms.

Another cause for complaint is that the organizers of the concerts consecrated, as the French say, to the new music, seem to have little or no judgment in arranging their programs. Instead of giving the New diluted with at least a little of the Old, they present us with fantastically long lists composed entirely of new and in most cases previously unheard compositions.

NOW IF THESE sponsors of the younger school of composers really wish to forward the cause of the new music and draw the proper attention to new compositions, let them have two or at most three of these new works presented in conjunction with works of the older or classic schools. In that way

the new work or works would stand out and be sure of getting more careful consideration by the critical fraternity.

The Sonata for violin and piano by Alexander Steinert which opened this ball is a well thought out piece of work written in a scholarly manner and while possessing no great amount of originality or inspiration proved to be at least worthy of consideration.

The delightful "Pentacle," five short pieces for two harps, written and played by Carlos Salzedo with the assistance of Lucile Lawrence, thoroughly deserved the enthusiastic reception it received. A String Quartet by Ernst Krenek was dreary and almost unbearably garrulous, which is surprising as this young composer is a fine musician accustomed to finding his way adroitly through the as yet uncharted seas of modern composition.

Songs by Maurice Delage, Karol Szymanowski, piano pieces by William Pijper and Charles E. Ives and a Quartet for violin, clarinet and two guitars (the latter instruments being replaced by a harpsichord-piano) completed this "International Referendum" program as it was called.

NOVEMBER 19TH being the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Franz Schubert, the Beethoven Association devoted their concert of that date entirely to the works of that composer.

The occasion was made a memorable one by the appearance of that great artist and much beloved woman, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, who sang "Der Wanderer," "Wohin," and "Die Allmacht" as those master-songs have seldom been sung before.

At the age of sixty-seven this amazing artist sang with a beauty of tone, a subtlety of phrasing and an interpretative genius that roused the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

The Trio in E flat for piano, violin and cello was beautifully played by Rudolph Ganz, Mischa Elzon and Emmeran Stoeber, as were also the Introduction and Variations for piano and flute done by Mr. Ganz and Georges Barrère. A little-known Quartet for flute, guitar, viola and cello proved to be interesting from a historical point of view, being a youthful work, lost for many years only to be re-discovered about ten years ago.

The Movies Speak Out

(Continued from Page 1272)

in their original shape. Having painfully freed themselves, in the last few years, of some of their own cheapness and artificiality, the movies are now taking over the cheapness and artificiality of the stage. In spite of its technical smoothness and the excellence of its cast, the film production of "Interference" was nothing but a stiff and mechanical melodrama which followed all the conventions of third rate playwriting. Although Ernest Pascal was presumably paid a handsome sum by the Paramount Company for managing the dialogue, this consisted principally of "But you don't—understand." I believe the phrase was used four times in the picture.

Even that is not the worst of the present talking movie; it is its lifelessness. With the technical facilities what they are, dialogue scenes have to be made in semi-close-up, or the voice and the figure do not connect. So long, therefore, as the talkies confine themselves to a constant flow of conversation they will impose upon themselves restrictions infinitely more cramping than those of the stage. Throwing aside all the glorious flexibility and sweep of the camera, the movies now offer a whole drama monotonously enacted a few feet from the eye.

For a moment, however, let us look at the other side. Many sensitive persons are lamenting that the talking picture is an illegitimate offspring of two art forms, no better than the opera. But these purists are assuming too hastily that the silent picture is independent of speech. Let them give thought to the matter of titles; wise-cracking titles, lyrical titles, quite superfluous titles, often, which are put in not because they aid the movement of the story, but because they say something worth saying. Naturally I am not speaking of cheap pictures, but of those which intelligent people find satisfying.

The elimination of printed captions has long been accepted, of course, as the goal of the screen. In "The Last Laugh" the ideal was beautifully attained, but I doubt if it would ever have been achieved generally. Had it been strictly imposed, it would have meant a medium as rigid as that now threatened. The silent movie would have depended always to a certain extent on speech.

Temporarily, beyond a doubt, talking has destroyed the screen's incentive to visual expression and just so far it has

superseded the art of the screen. But I am unable to see how this state of things can last. For the law of all dramatic expression, whether for stage or screen, is to tell the story in terms of action first.

They will be driven, because the public will tire of talk for talking's sake, just as it tired of the standard silent movie and the "William Tell" overture. The producers will have to cast about for something better, and competition will force obedience to the laws of screen drama, just as it forced a steady improvement in the quality of silent pictures. Nearly all the flexibility of the old medium can be restored, once the producers get over their present idea that nothing matters except talk. A judicious mingling of close-up dialogue shots and silent long shots will do the work without impairing the unity of the all-dialogue picture. In the movie of the future, as in real life, people will not need to talk their heads off.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 1292)

think of Oriental literature as pure romance that is relatively inconsequential; whereas "The Tale of Genji" gives us a nine hundred years old example of a book that deals with fundamental human relationships. Its problems are those of every age and every land. Principally, they are those of love: the finite distinctions that must be drawn between friendship, passion, fascination, and devotion; the outward manifestations that so often are in direct contrast to the inner sensibilities; the hopes, ambitions, desperate longings, all the dreams that end when a new sun rises.

Genji, transplanted from his native soil, would thrive in any climate. Because he, around whom the story is built, is a character whose dimensions exceed international limits, the work of Lady Murasaki may be said to exert a universal appeal. Her work may even become a world classic. Her translator has accomplished a colossal task in rendering these four full-length volumes of manuscript into fine English. It seems as though he has done this with considerable fidelity.

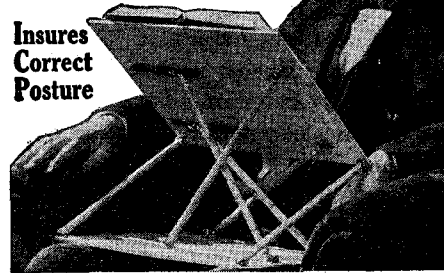
Everywhere the tale is told with simplicity, but with a simplicity through which runs a vein of delicate, fragrant poetry. The style rises to a peak of positive enchantment in the frequent passages that describe the exchange of lovers' notes. Under less traditionally romantic conditions, as here in an exchange of messages be-

(Please Turn to Page 1304)

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GOVERNING the greatest securities market in the world is a hard job. In the most placid periods, the authorities of the New York Stock Exchange are kept extremely busy maintaining the old rules and devising new ones to meet changing situations.

They must consider complaints, arbitrate disputes, prevent "corners" and other forms of dangerous manipulation, enforce a certain amount of business conservatism on all their members and administer punishment when it is necessary. These duties require patience, courage and judgment.

Even such trying incidents as the Stutz and Piggly-Wiggly "corners" and the occasional cases of downright dishonesty, though, probably have never plagued the officials as much as has the deluge of buying and selling orders that poured on the floor of the Exchange recently. This rush of business meant big commissions for the members but for a considerable time it rendered some of the most vital Exchange machinery almost entirely useless.

The machinery knocked topsy-turvy by the "Hoover market" was the quotation system, tangibly represented by the stock ticker. This system, designed to keep clients of the Exchange in every part of the country in direct touch with price fluctuations, had until this year nearly always fulfilled its function satisfactorily. Its efficiency fell to a pretty low ebb last spring and, during the first three weeks of November, it was of such little use that four out of five of those who were accustomed to watch it absordedly would not have objected seriously if it had stopped running altogether.

The volume of transactions simply overwhelmed the ticker's capacity to record them. The tape had to run for an hour and a half to tell the story of an hour's trading. The result was that the ticker fell further and further behind until, on the busiest days, it was reporting at three o'clock sales that had occurred at one, the closing transactions not appearing until after six o'clock.

Investors and many speculators do not insist on being in direct contact with the market but the majority of the latter class do. Since they are major influences in keeping the market

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

as broad as it is and since they pay hundreds of millions of dollars a year in commissions to Exchange members, their wishes have to be respected.

More important still, the confusion caused by the tardy reports tends to unnerve the whole market and increase the likelihood of a crash which usually has an undesirable effect not only on the brokerage business but on the whole financial community.

This unfortunate state of affairs had existed at various times during the spring advance and the newspapers for several months had been scolding the Exchange authorities for not foreseeing the difficulties and reorganizing the



Clive in the New York Evening World

Making Whoopee

system to handle the increased volume of business. The authorities replied that a new ticker had been designed which could handle the biggest turnover ever seen but that it could not be installed for another year or two.

When congestion first appeared the authorities had ordered that only the final figure and the fraction of a price be printed. The sale of two hundred shares of U. S. Steel was tapped not, as formerly, as X2.168 7-8 but as X2.8 7-8. Tape-readers were a little irritated at first but they soon grew reconciled to the change.

The next step was the printing of the latest prices of twenty or thirty leading stocks on the bond ticker at ten or fifteen-minute intervals. This helped a little but it was of small benefit to traders primarily interested in issues

not included in the twenty or thirty leaders. It failed, moreover, to give in-and-out speculators the "feel" of the market which they could get only by watching consecutive reports of all transactions.

As early as last May the Exchange authorities proposed to omit the number of shares that had sold at a certain price. A sale of two hundred shares of Steel at 169 7-8 would be reported as X9 7-8 instead of as X2.9 7-8. This time the opposition of "feel" speculators was supported by the newspapers, who insisted that their readers should know how many shares of each stock had changed hands. The plan was dropped for the time being but the hour and two-hour delays of the "Hoover market" forced its adoption. The newspapers were placated by the installation of special tickers to report the volume of trading.

At about the same time some one realized that the stock ticker was printing entirely too many dots, so all but the absolutely essential ones were eliminated. A string of sales at a certain number of dollars plus different fractions appeared not as 9 7-8.3-4,5-8.3-4 but as 9 7-8 3-4 5-8 3-4.

These two devices may seem rather trivial but they were highly successful. On the first day of their employment the ticker was able to keep almost abreast of a 6,000,000 share market. In previous sessions of this size it had run an hour or so behind. The omission of volume reports may have kept some traders away but their number was probably much smaller than that of those who were attracted by the reopening of direct communication with the floor.

BUT THE present system is by no means ideal. If the size of the market increases, as seems most likely, it soon will prove as inadequate as the arrangement in force last spring and during most of November. The last two years have seen the maximum turnover swelled from about four to about seven million shares. The greatest securities market in the world, located in a country of unparalleled mechanical efficiency, must find a quotation system that will function as effectively during a 10,000,000 share session as the now obsolete system used to function.

With Our Readers

Vanzetti's Innocence

Brooklyn.

Your revelations about the innocence of Vanzetti vindicate an honest doubt that I have long entertained. The whole Sacco-Vanzetti case ought to be reviewed and all the facts brought to light regardless of whom it touches, or pinches.

NELS ANDERSON

New York City.

Deep thanks for your help and persistence in a case which has wrung the hearts of many citizens—the trial and execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

MARTIN BEARDSLEE

Montvale, New Jersey.

I am overjoyed with your October 31 number those of us who felt that a terrible miscarriage of justice had taken place in Massachusetts on August 23, 1927, have carried in our hearts ever since the pain and the disgrace of it. The hope that has helped us to bear the pain has been that sometime, perhaps in the far future, Vanzetti and Sacco would be vindicated and the necessity seen by every one of making our courts a channel of purer justice. Your edition of October 31 has brought that hope nearer.

BETSEY B. DAVIS

Following the Red Thread

American Club.

Mexico City.

It is gratifying to know we have one publication unafraid to publish the true conditions now existing in this tyrant-ridden and most unhappy land. The articles by Marcelo Villegas which you have been running are certainly great. May you keep the good work going.

People who have never made a careful investigation have little idea of the wretched condition these people and the country are in.

If Mr. Morrow has accomplished one lasting benefit, the alien in Mexico has failed to perceive it. Doubtless he has been given to understand that everything would be straightened out; that is just what Warren accepted and we were worse off after that gentleman returned to the United States than before he came. Sheffield is the only Ambassador the United States has had down here in years whom these Bolsheviks could not bluff or get to accept their verbal promises. Mr. Morrow's kindly policy is getting nowhere—these people respect the big stick but laugh at and take advantage of kindly treatment; they take it as a sure sign of weakness.

The incoming President, Portes Gil, is of the same mental make-up as the outgoing man, so we are going to get no relief there—red through and through.

The fundamental laws are the same today (except as to Presidential succession) as they were at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, and they are not going to change them one iota until such time as Uncle Sam comes to his senses.

In his last message to the Mexican Congress Calles made a great plea for honest elections, after which our worthy Ambassador rushed up and congratulated Mr. Calles on his wonderful message. If Mr. Morrow had stopped to consider and reflect for just one moment, would not the ghosts of Serrano, Gomez, Flores and many others recently murdered for the reason they dared aspire to the Presidency in opposition to the gang in power, have risen up before him.

Industry is being throttled, unemployment is rapidly increasing and were it not for the 5,000 to 7,000 or more a month going to the United States conditions might become desperate. It is estimated that one fifth of the native-born Mexicans are now in the United States, driven out from their own country by the intolerable conditions existing here; possibly one quarter of Mexican natives are now residing in foreign lands, the larger part having gone in the last ten years, to the detriment of our own laborers.

Productive lands are being seized every day by the Agrarians, who harvest the growing crops and let the land remain idle thereafter or else farm it in a most haphazard manner, with the result that the country is not providing enough to supply home demands.

Conditions are such that brigandage is rampant in all sections. Few trains are now being operated without a military escort to protect them from being plundered. The writer cannot recall a train being run out of this, the capital city, without carrying from ten to thirty or more soldiers.

A. W. BLINN

Mexico City.

A day or two ago I read while in the American Club some articles in the Outlook and Independent written by a Mexican gentlemen under pen-name of Marcelo Villegas.

I immediately sat down and wrote the gentleman a congratulatory letter and enclosed it in an envelope addressed to your good self, care of Outlook and Independent, Springfield, Massachusetts, as I was under the impression that was where the Outlook and Independent was published.

May I ask that you kindly write the postmaster at Springfield asking that this letter be forwarded to you at your present address. I would do this myself but, as you realize, it is more or less dangerous to be caught here in Mexico doing anything that can in the least be construed as a criticism of this Government—so I could not sign my name to same or would be taking a chance at being discovered and if so it would be but a few hours before I would find myself on the north bank of the Rio Grande and my business down here destroyed.

These articles by Mr. Villegas have caused much comment among the Americans as well as many Mexicans who frequent the Club and without one dissenting voice have I heard anything but praise of same. Mr. Villegas has kept well within the facts.

A Keynote

Amarillo, Texas.

The mental keynote of the Century has been sounded in, "Election By Emotion" by Harvey O'Higgins in The Outlook of October 15th.

A. J. CALDWELL

The Outlook's Questionnaire

Permit me to congratulate you on publishing so fully the result of your questionnaire, even though it does not agree with the policy of the paper. Obviously the sentiment of your constituents, East and West, North and South, young and old, and of various occupations, is on the whole, in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment. I was not, and even now I should prefer an amendment like the Child Labor Amendment, permitting Congress to have control.

A FRIEND

Little Kasper

Edited by HARRIET E. DAVIS

Illustrated by FRANK W. PEERS

ON HER father's baronial estate in Western Russia lived a small tomboy of a girl, who found no tree too high to climb, no horse too wild to ride. Julia loved wandering in the forest, imitating bird calls and listening to the music of the trees; she hated tasks and lessons, and under her impish fingers staid embroidery designs were turned into caricatures with large ears and crooked legs.

Stories and fables, high days and holidays, as well as strict routine were part of the happy family life. Vividly "Little Kasper's" granddaughter remembers one Saint Martin's Day, in November, when the first snow had fallen and all work must be finished by four o'clock. The dining room table was set and gorgeously decorated. Punctually at four-thirty the three sisters, all in white, took their places, and while a tray of deliciously spiced apples was served, Mother told a story.

A favorite tale was this true account of their own brave grandfather, a constant source of inspiration. To one of his granddaughters, Mrs. Julia le Brun, —since her terrible war experience a resident of America—we owe the story of "Little Kasper."

▶▶LITTLE KASPER◀◀

As Remembered by His Granddaughter
MRS. JULIA LE BRUN

ONCE UPON A TIME, more than a hundred years ago, there lived a boy



called Little Kasper. He was six years old, and he lived with his mother and father and baby sister in a lovely old manor house in Western Poland. In those days there were soldiers everywhere and fighting going on all the time. The manor house was guarded day and night, and Little Kasper often heard his noble father and gracious mother talking anxiously. But he was not afraid.

One day while Little Kasper was tumbling about on the soft rugs, with his little sister while his mother and father sat against the wall in high stiff-backed chairs, and his old nurse was busy at the weaving frame, suddenly the massive doors were flung open; a scarlet glow blazed from the village beyond, terrified serfs rushed in—and after them came the enemy. Little Kasper stood and stared. He saw his mother and father carried away by the soldiers, he saw his old nurse grab up his baby sister and rush out. The next moment he darted from the hall, ran down into the high vaulted stone cellar, and crawled under a bread-trough.

When all was quiet, Little Kasper crawled out of his hiding place, and guided by the Good Shepherd, ran from the smoldering ruins of his home. Night had fallen, a cold December night, but he ran on and on through the darkness. At last he fell exhausted.

He wakened to find an old peasant woman bending over him. In her hut, she gave him hot potato soup and for seven days she hid him there. She was very poor and could give him nothing but potatoes, but he did not complain. On the seventh day, there were not even potatoes—nothing but a few peelings, so the woman said: "Boy, I can feed thee no longer. Run away now, and may the Holy Virgin protect thee."

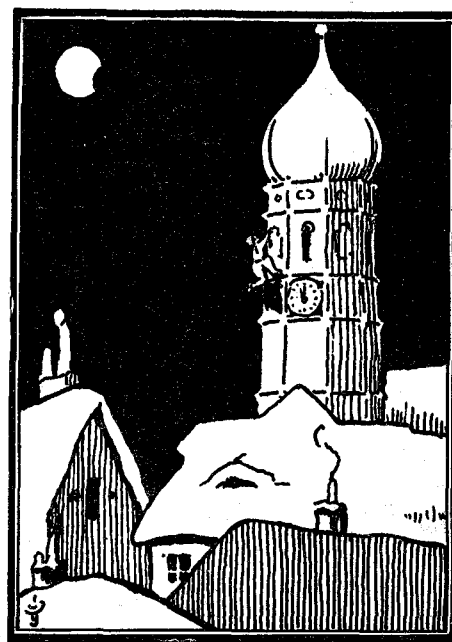
And so Little Kasper again became a wanderer in the great pine forest. Many hours he walked, on and on and on, eating only pieces of bark. At last he saw something sparkling through the trees, suddenly the forest ended and he found himself standing on the banks of a broad river covered with glistening ice. Across the river, he saw rows of houses with smoke rising from their tall chimneys. Bravely he set out for the little town, across the dangerous ice.

That night there was a heavy snow storm, and it turned bitterly cold. As the ancient clock of the watch tower struck midnight in the little town, the wife of the locksmith went to fasten the storm door. As she stepped out, a howling gust of wind met her, and something soft fell against her big wooden shoes. She screamed and called her husband. The next moment, Little Kasper was carried into the house.

So Little Kasper found a new home. But his lot was not a happy one. From morning till night he was kept at work. Besides learning the locksmith's trade, he had to chop wood, carry water from the river in large wooden buckets, and do all sorts of work both in the house and out. His foster mother had a heavy hand and was often harsh and unjust. Little Kasper did his best, but nothing pleased her.

The locksmith was a good man but a stern one, and Little Kasper had to work very hard at learning his trade.

(Please Turn to Page 1304)



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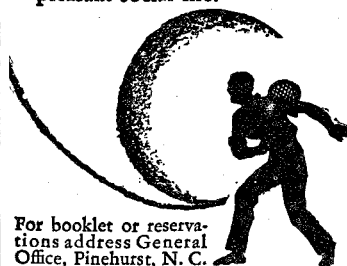
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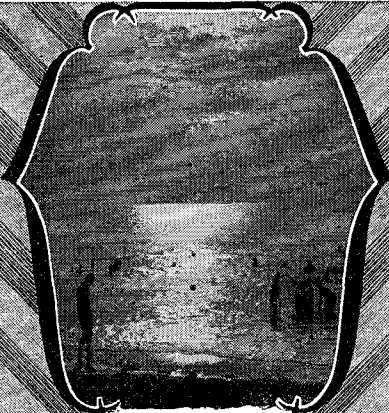
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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 1299)

tween two friends, the enchantment of the style creeps in:

"To no Chujo plucked a spray of the blossom and asked his son Kasiwagi to deliver it to Yugiri. . . . Attached to the wistaria spray was the poem: 'The wistaria in my garden is at its deepest hue, and now not many nights are left in which to see it shining through the dusk.' Yugiri could not for a moment doubt that this was the signal he had waited for. He thanked Kashiwagi for bringing the message and handed to him the poem: 'Alas, I fear lest groping through the dusk I now may miss the hour when these deep-coloured blossoms shed their splendour on the night.'"

Not only in the handling of words, but likewise in the structure of the novel there are many indications of artistry. Each chapter has the unity of a well-made short story, a natural opening and a climax depending on natural action. There are happily chosen characterizing scenes which portray the completeness of the world through which Genji slowly winds his way. And there are contrasting and sympathetic settings that vary the poignant moods of the novel.

Four volumes is a great deal of reading. Some will find their attention held until the very end; others will be content with a single volume. But the novel, whether considered in its entirety or in its separate parts, has intangible qualities of popular and general interest. It is an accurate study of actual human relationships, a splendid piece of work.

J. DANA TASKER

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(Continued from Page 1297)

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Little Kasper

(Continued from Page 1302)

In those days, a locksmith was an important and honored man. He not only made locks and keys, but did metal work of all kinds, made household repairs and mended the clocks and watches of the townspeople. Little Kasper grew to love his trade, and at the age of ten, he could swing the hammer like a man.

One day, the ancient clock in the watch tower stopped. The locksmith was called to repair it, and took his boy with him. Confidently he set to work—but the clock refused to go. At last he went sadly home, the task still undone. That night, Little Kasper could not sleep. He was thinking of the silent clock in the watch tower. Presently he rose from his cot, took his tools and went secretly to the tower. The key was in his master's pocket, but he climbed the tower, and made a daring leap from a window to the clock balcony. The moon was shining brightly, and in the silver light, he set to work. All of a sudden the ancient clock began to strike—one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten!

After that, Little Kasper had many friends, his foster-father was very proud of him, and even his foster-mother tried to be kind and he was happy and loved and honored by all to the end of his days.